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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE OPENED AT THE SOUTH.

From The N. O. Delta, Feb. 26.

Some startling and significant facts have come to our knowledge. We have hesitated to disclose them, but after inquiry, examination and consultation, we are convinced that both duty and policy demand disclosure. The facts, we say, are startling; they are crucial. They will surprise and encourage many in our counting-rooms and offices, and many on the plantations and in the towns, but most of all they will astound the Cabinets of Western Europe, and eminently assist to confirm between the genial French people and our Norman and Huguenot South, an unwritten but hearty, magnanimous and unconquerable league against the allied avarice and envy, cant and rapacity of England and the Northern States. Although the foiled and furious enemies of our institutions may shake up, uncork and pour out on our battered brows the foaming vials of their wrath; although the President may be shocked and embarrassed; and although the great parties of the country may be bitterly disappointed and imbrangled, let it go forth that Southerners have taken into their own hand the law, and opened the African slave trade with the South; that Africans are now imported into Mississippi and other sea-shore States; that in Mississippi there is a market for African slaves, and that on plantations in that great and intrepid State, negroes recently imported from Africa are at their daily work. The authority on which we make this announcement is indisputable. We even have advices that in Mississippi, Henry Hughes and some of his party now privately urge the Labour Immigration movement, not to open the supply of Africans, but to legitimate, moralize, regulate and equalize the supply already opened and impossible to be closed. We have some further details. Some negroes are disembarked on the Atlantic coast and brought overland to the Mississippi cotton fields, but the Mississippi seacoast's peculiar facilities for landing and securing cargoes, and the convenience of Pearl River as a channel for distribution, are not overlooked.

The profits of the Mississippi slave trade are enormous. We have been so fortunate as to procure from undoubted authority some interesting details. They relate to the operations of the Mississippi slave trade, and are authenticated by operators. It need not be said, in the first place, that the bark engaged in the traffic to the South must be a fast sailer, for this is indispensable to the security of the officers and crew, the health of the cargo, and the rapidity of the pecuniary returns. For a trip from the Mississippi coast to Africa and back there must be a captain, supercargo, three mates, three cooks, steward, and between twenty and thirty first class seamen. The vessel must be well supplied with extra running and standing rigging, and also supernumerary spars, ropes, topmasts, and a suit of sails. An assortment of the flags of all nations will be particularly desirable, but the most useful is now the French flag, because British cruisers will not verify the colours and take the same liberties as with the United States flag. The fare of the ship's crew must be the very best, and their good-will must be carefully conciliated, because during the voyage a mutiny is disastrous; and after the voyage, a treacherous or vindictive information is to say the least, troublesome and expensive. To procure the good-will of the men, much depends on the mates, over which the captain ought to keep a strict watch. For the subsistence of the negroes there must be a plentiful supply of hard bread, corn-meal, rice, and an abundance of vinegar, red pepper, pure water and drugs. In distributing diet, the greatest regularity is to be observed, and the very first symptoms of disease promptly treated. As to the capacity of the superior officer, it may be safely said that a slaver requires in it more courage, talent, honesty, fidelity, skill and discretion than any other ship in any other trade. Indeed, the captain and supercargo, must, between them, act as navigator and naval officer, merchant and physician, diplomatist and magistrate, not to mention the functions of chaplain.

As to the expenses and profits of the voyage, the latest advices were from the captain of a bark which sailed from one of the Georgia ports. He has quite recently returned, and reports that on account of the vigilance of cruisers, negroes had accumulated on the coast, and in a manner glutted the markets, and that in consequence of this the price had fallen to under $30 a head. The payment, however, must be in gold or silver, as the head men will not, as formerly, barter for merchandise.

We may estimate a cargo to number 700 negroes, although many more than that are often carried; but whatever the number, none purchased should be over 25 years of age. Seven hundred, at an average cost of $30 a piece, will amount to $21,000, and their price in this country or Cuba will range from $450 to $1,200. But if sold for $500, say, the cargo will net $350,000. Freely allowing, then, $150,000 for the entire expenses of the voyage, and all possible loss, the profits of one round voyage will amount to $200,000. Where the profits are so exorbitant, we can well understand why the business has been begun in the South. We can well understand the impossibility of closing the trade now begun, and, most of all, we now can understand that the great question is not whether there shall be for the South a supply of African labour, because that is now settled, and the great and absorbing question is whether, according to Hughes's method, the supply shall be so modified as to be legitimate, fair, regular and equal.

A DEFENDER OF WADE HAMPTON.

Louisville, Feb. 23, 1858.

Editor Chicago Tribune—*Sir:* A friend has placed in my hands a copy of your paper of the 18th inst., in which, under the caption of "A Dead Man Carried Out,"* is a most unjust and scurrilous article, relative to a distant relation of mine, the late lamented Col. Wade Hampton. After giving vent to your spleen and pent-up malice, such as is characteristic of all low and grovelling Black Republicans and Abolitionists, fit subjects for the King of Dahomey, or his Imperial Blackness, Faustin 1st of Hayti, you go on to relate an anecdote about Col. Hampton's feeding his negroes on cotton-seed until they "begun to die off like rotten sheep," as you most graciously term it; thereby intimating that Col. Hampton, who was known and bred throughout the South, for his humanity and gentlemanly bearing, wilfully disregarded the lives of his slaves, and absolutely starved them to death.

Now, it is true Col. Hampton did undertake an economical experiment, to test the virtue of cotton-seed as food for his slaves, with the benevolent hope that it would prove adequate to support them in full condition, and enable them to perform their labour. True, the experiment failed; but was he to blame for its failure? Did he not do his best to make it succeed? And if it had succeeded, it would have been of incalculable benefit to the negroes of the cotton plantations; as it would have afforded them an abundance of good food, where now that luxury is not always to be obtained, especially at reasonable prices. I say it would have been a blessing to the slave, in the cheapening his food, and rendering it more abundant and within his reach, at the same time that it would have been less expensive to his master, and thus enable him to raise his crop cheaper, by which means he could afford that great staple of the country at lower rates in market, and thus be an absolute benefit to the world at large.

A narrow-minded, black-hearted Abolitionist could never rise to such lofty considerations. They are essentially grovelling, lustful and devilish. They never were known to entertain a noble idea, or harbour a magnanimous sentiment. If Col. Hampton's experiment had been successful, would you and your kindred black-hearted spirits have given him the credit of it? Never! We know your hypocrisy too well. But what business is it to you what we do with our slaves? They are our property, as much as your sheep and hogs are yours; and we have them by the same rightful law. The negroes could not take care of themselves without the master's kind care and provident protection. He paid his money for them; he keeps them for their own good; and he has the same right to seek cheap and desirable food for them, as you have for your horse and cow. How shall he determine this, without resorting to experiments similar to the one alluded to by you, which seems so much to disturb your humanity? Besides, Col. Hampton is not the only one who tried the same experiment, as well as many others of a similar nature. Why cast your aspersions on the dead? Why not turn your attention to the living, if you must have something to feast your depraved appetite on—and let the honoured dead remain sacred from your unhallowed touch?

I have spoken severely above. I feel that the occasion calls for it. But I have no idea you will have the magnanimity to publish this. We shall see whether you have honour enough to do it.

I came here in haste, and shall soon leave for the South again. But I shall take occasion to look after you from there. In behalf of the injured, James P. Kitting.

* See last week's Standard.—Ed.

Selections.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

At the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Thursday Evening, Jan. 28, 1858.

Phonographically reported by James M. W. Yerrinton.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have been as much interested as my friend Mr. Wright in the discussions of the morning and afternoon. I do not think they were by any means wasted hours. On the contrary, the great object of all these meetings is to learn what lies before us, where we are, what we have to do—and what we have to do it with. It seems to me that Mr. Wright wisely called us back to the fundamental principle of the Anti-Slavery movement—away, partially, at least, from the mere discussion of method. If there was any mistake in the latitude of discussion to-day, it was that we wandered off too much into the mere discussion of means. Yet, I do not think this a mistake. I adhere, however, to the old method. I do not think my friend Foster's proposition is an expedient one, at the present moment, even if it were consistent with the principle upon which our Society rests. Neither do I agree with Mr. Higginson, that it would never be possible for a political movement to grow out of ours. On the contrary, I think the time may come when this movement may give birth to exactly such a political enterprise as Mr. Foster described this afternoon. But whenever it does, other men than ourselves will inaugurate it. It would hardly be possible for men who have done the work we have done for twenty years, incurring the distrust, and odium, and personal antipathy that we have—it would be hardly in the nature of things that we should inaugurate a successful political movement, to change the face even of a State, much less of one-half of the Union. On the contrary, it seems to me that our work is to take the minds of these millions, and educate them up to a higher level. I do not see that we can go beyond this; certainly we cannot at present. After all, there would be no great difficulty in the Anti-Slavery enterprise—no difficulty at all—if we could only create that public opinion, without which all politics is in vain. The slave system, strong as it is, viewed as the Slave Power, is weak, truly despicable, before a determined, broad, individual, Anti-Slavery purpose.

A year ago, I travelled on the Northern bank of the Ohio River. On the other side lay the hills of Kentucky. What prevented the slaves, whom I could see on the bank on the other side, from coming to Ohio? A quarter of a mile of still, placid water! What prevented the slaves of Louisville from coming over, and taking their freedom on the Ohio bank? It was not studded with dwellings, it was not covered with wharves, it was not watched by police—why did they not come? Why do they not come every day? Why is it possible, in Louisville, for a slave-driver's wife, with her own hands, to murder one of her slaves, and yet some thousands of slaves remain in that city, and nothing but a narrow stream of water between them and a so-called free State? What makes it possible? This: because the inhabitants of Ohio are exactly as much slaveholders as those of Kentucky; because the hearts of Ohio are just as bad as those in Kentucky; because the pulpits of Ohio are just as vile as those of Kentucky; because the Governor of Ohio, Republican though he be, is more of a coward than the Governor of Kentucky (applause). If any man wants to feel the weight of the American Union, he has only to go and sit on the banks of the Ohio, or on the one side of the Pennsylvania line, and look across and see slaves bought and sold at fair prices within the sound of the footsteps of freemen on the free soil of Pennsylvania. He will learn then that it is not law that makes slavery possible in Maryland—it is the public opinion of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania; it is the religion, the politics, the *hearts*, of the men of the free States.

If you will give me Ohio crowded with Abolitionists—such as Henry C. Wright can make, if they will listen to him—I will abolish slavery in Kentucky in twelve hours. I do not care what men are doing in Washington or in Kansas—I do not care how many regiments are voted in the Capital—give me Ohio, as a State, acting on the maxims which Mr. Wright has just laid down as self-evident, write them on her heart, and you have abolished slavery in Kentucky and in Maryland. If, in the thirty years that this cause has been preached to the people, we could have disabused them of the superstitious reverence for forms, and of Saxon hatred of race, we could have abolished slavery in the border slave States. It does not rest on law; no police could keep it a moment; it is the vile pro-slavery determination of Northern men. How is it to be got rid of? Not by half-way preaching in the pulpit. The Slave Power is to be met only by defiance—religiously, politically; by just that sort of defiance which Mr. Wright has proclaimed with regard to it. That is, we are to plant in the heart of every individual citizen this determination: We will free the slave, wherever we see him; and we will trample upon every human and so-called divine law, in order to get at him! Until we have done that, all political organization is vain. That is the basis of it.

The people do not believe the black man a man; they think they do, but they do not. They see with their prejudices, not their eyes. The Anti-Slavery enterprise is an effort to teach the American people, what Horace Mann did not know six years ago, that he owes the same duty to the black man on the plains of Maryland that he does to his blood brother; to teach them to realize the New Testament; and until we have done that, we have not the means of a political movement; and when we have done it, slavery would not be possible less than a hundred miles from the frontier of a free State.

I think, therefore, what we need is the old "fanaticism" with which we were charged. We must be fanatics. The moment we acquire an atom of respectability, you may be sure we are lowering our standard (applause); for the country is all wrong, based on wrong, thoroughly impregnated with wrong, its whole religion wrong, and nothing but what it deems fanaticism is hot enough to attack it. I think that what we are to preach is just what we began to preach thirty years ago; that is, that every man's first duty, as an American citizen, is to get rid of slavery; as an American Christian to protest against it; and we are not to cease, day or night, crying out, that no man bears the most distant relation to Christianity who does not stand in the pulpit and proclaim to every man who bears him, that his first Christian duty is to trample under foot all constitutions and all laws, to reach the slave and free him (loud cheers). I do not believe Christianity has any nearer or closer duty than that; and we are to proclaim it. It does not matter whom we follow. I would just as soon follow Douglas as Wilson, and just as soon follow Buchanan as Douglas. The whole of politics is rotten. The only value in Republicanism is that man always grows wiser by his errors. Experience keeps a dear school, and teaches us by our mistakes. Republicanism is one grand mistake, and it is a necessary mistake, perhaps, in order to lead these men who believe in politics up to a higher level. They did not believe us at the beginning, when we preached the doctrine that politics was not possible under this Constitution; they proceeded to try it, and are trying it. When Freedom is trodden out under the Federal heel in Kansas, they will be nearer believing than now. When the seven regiments the President asks for are granted, and the military power treads down resistance to the Lecompton Constitution, perhaps the Republican party will be wiser than to-day. But it is only for a school, and to teach you what the United States Government is capable of. For that, Buchanan is as good as a Republican, and Douglas as good as either.

I believe, if we inaugurated a party like that my friend Foster described to-day, that, after two or three years, it would die out, from a lack of availability. It is the nature of politics. You cannot *play* politics. When you have played it one or two years, you begin to want to see some practical result. Look at the Republican party! They have gone down from James G. Birney, lying in his honoured grave to-day, until the Iowa papers are placing at the head of their columns the name of Douglas as the Republican Presidential candidate for 1860! Why should they not? He will probably represent their idea. When I think of contrasting Buchanan and Douglas and Wilson in such a connection, I am reminded of the negro's sermon down in Virginia. "My brethren," said he, "there are two ways. There is the broad and narrow way that leadeth to perdition, and there is the narrow and broad way that leadeth to destruction." "How is that?" asked the Deacon. "Why," said the preacher "it is perfectly plain. There is the broad and narrow way that leadeth to perdition, and there is the narrow and broad way that leadeth to destruction." "In that case, this negro takes to the woods!" (Laughter and applause.) So, as between Buchanan and Douglas and Gen. Wilson, "I take to the woods." That is, I take to the natural element of ethical and moral discussion with the people, freed from the cobwebs of constitutional obligations and church resolutions. We are to make men "fanatics"—nothing else is of any service. There are men who have made up their minds that, at any hazard, at all costs to the present Church, and the Constitution, and State Government, and Federal Government, they are to render liberty possible for the slave; and they are to do that duty wherever it meets them. They are not silently to cherish the purpose—they are to *proclaim* it. I would like to make Ohio and Massachusetts so intensely sacred to freedom that every slave as far South as New Orleans should know it, and the burning prayer of each should be, "God grant that, before I die, I may set my foot on the soil of Massachusetts!" We should not only cherish the purpose, we should proclaim fearlessly that we mean to be rebels—the whole State should. I do not care what politicians are doing at Washington. We can make those politicians obey us. All this individual agitation is a necessary preliminary to politics, and that is our work.

Let no man despair because this work goes on slowly. We are changing the vital and essential character of the nation—religiously as well as politically; and in order to do it, we must necessarily be very slow, as my friend Foster thinks we are. We gain very slowly on a prosperous, industrious, money-loving country, intensely devoted to the love of material gain. It is very hard to plant the self-sacrifice of a rigid Anti-Slavery, or any other principle, in the heart of such a people. That is what we have got to do. There is no royal road to it I acknowledge, with Mr. Foster, the darkness of the picture. Every day I live convinces me more and more of the truth and necessity of our motto of Disunion. I do not know that, even if the Union should be broken to-day, we have vigour enough left to make it break in such proportion as to secure the freedom of the slave at once. It was possible. If we could have produced a public opinion twenty years ago, that, with Webster and other then living men at its head, should have said to the South—"No! you shall not have Texas; we will have Disunion first"—if we could have had a public opinion that would have produced and sustained such politics, then we could have checkmated the Slave Power, and, possibly, we could have burned it out within its own limits. But it has annexed Texas, it is in treaty with Mexico for territory, it has its heel on Kansas, its eye on Cuba; and before this Republican school has graduated anybody from it, the South will have Cuba, and perhaps have girdled the Gulf with slave States; and when she is so strong as that, how much will be left for the North to do, even when the purpose of Disunion is planted in our hearts, I do not know.

If, twenty years ago, "Non-extension of Slavery or Disunion" had been the motto of Northern politics, all this could have been prevented, and the Slave Power, pent up within the fourteen or fifteen States, would have died out. It has got a new lease now; it has got a new and wide extent of territory; it has new crops and harvests, and a vast field to operate in. It has some of the noblest sections of the New World, and the help of the commercial capital of the Old. I do not know how much real strength it has; but it has gone on increasing in strength continually, because the Northern political movement did not wake up to its true policy. The North is always relying on alternatives—now a Tariff, now a Bank, now Internal Improvements, now this measure and now that. The South has only one—Slavery; and she carries it at the point of the bayonet, and she always will. And not only this, but she is eating out the Northern conscience. I think my friend Mr. Wright compliments Boston far too highly when he said there was not a man here who would sacrifice his child to the Union. Slavery has eaten out natural affection so entirely that I think you will find the people willing to sacrifice almost anything to the gain of the hour—to the political supremacy of their party. It is upon that mass of corrupt religion and vassal politics that we have got to make an impression, and create a power that will defy the Slave Power of the nation. It is a long work to do. We are to do it by the vigour of our individual protest, and the weight of our individual lives. If it cannot be done by this means, then, at present, it seems to me, there are no other means before us. We have not reached a time when we can organize into politics. What you are to do, you Abolitionists who complain that you have nothing to do, is to go home and sit like Mordecai at the gate of your religious church, in your own city or town, until you shame it into some sort of agitation. Into the chalk mixture of the Orthodox Church of some secluded village, I want to drop a single morsel of the salt of real anti-slavery, and see the agitation that will ensue—and every man of you can do that. I ask of the Abolitionist who claims that he has nothing to do, if he has turned his own town upside down? He can do that.

This individual life, that begins in religion, underlies politics. It is the basis, the superstructure of politics. You who cannot speak, you can act. You that are not allowed to vote, you can make yourselves felt. Go home, and each, in his own circle, startle it by the fanaticism of his anti-slavery. Not one of you is socially abused as you ought to be. You have not lost all your reputation—you ought to have done so. As they said of Christians in the fifteenth century—"No good Christian dies in his bed to-day"; there ought to be no Abolitionist who has a shred of character left. If he has, he has made some mistake, and should go home and correct it; for all around him stands a pro-slavery church, that he ought to have insulted into absolute hatred of him. All around him stand parties that are continually yielding up humanity for some temporary office, and he ought to have scolded them into being angry. By his side stands some trader or merchant, who is selling his soul for customers; he ought to have told him the truth. His life should be devoted to an exhibition of the truth. That is the way a nation is to be reformed. Do you suppose you can take a man of vaulting ambition, like Henry Wilson, the favourite of thousands, who feels that he can place his foot in the Senate of the United States, and curb him down into the fruitless effort of a perpetual minority of the State of Massachusetts, recording votes for nothing? No, indeed! If you could get a thousand such men to vote for somebody who can never be elected, and who, if elected, can never be permitted to fill his office, how long do you suppose that would remain? When they had increased to five thousand, they would say—"It is foolish work for us to vote year after year for nothing. We will take a man who can go inside the Capitol at Washington." The same temptation besets all politics. But let me take those five thousand men, and instead of weakening their position by the annual attempt at voting, let me tell them they are bound to proclaim that our religion is a sham; that until it preaches disobedience to wicked laws, it does not reach back to the first three centuries of the Christian era, much less to the New Testament; let them teach politicians that it is a disgrace to vote; that while they vote under a pro-slavery Constitution, the man who lifts his hand to swear to support that Constitution, the better he is, the greater is the evil he does to the conscience of the nation (hear, hear); let them proclaim that even such men as Sumner and Wilson are only confusing the moral sense, and while we recognise them as honest in their efforts to try what they think a good method, and deserving of a trial, declare that, in our opinion, they are compromising away the dearest hours that are given for the education of the nation, and strengthening the Slave Power. Give me, therefore, five thousand men, and let them do this, and I will revolutionize the State.

I know this seems harsh, but we are bound to be harsh. It seems cruel, ultra-critical, to be thus tearing apart the character of men who think they are doing good service to the slave. But how long have we been in this school? Thirty years. What have we learned? We have learned that there is nothing to be done but to throw down the gauntlet to the Slave Power, and defy it, in the name of Justice and Religion alike; not keeping any measures with it; not saying, with Henry Wilson, that if the rights of the slave States are ever invaded, they shall find his hand the readiest to defend them. Every Republican throat on the floor of Congress is stuffed with pledges enough to smother its owner, that he will never interfere with slavery in the States. That is what we call politics. What is the use of it? No use at all, unless outside of it, and below it—I mean, below it as a foundation—stands a movement like ours, educating the people better than their leaders. And such a people exist. To-day they exist. Mr. Higginson said, with great truth, that underneath this scheming Republican party rested a film of ice, on which its stately machinery was standing; and below were the rank and file, ready for far more radical measures, and a far more determined purpose than any which the politicians dare recognise. O, yes, that is always the case! It is the constant criticism of their own rank and file that keeps these men in Congress up to any level of anti-slavery determination; and if you will give me a Massachusetts containing ten thousand such men as Mr. Foster described this afternoon, ready to take the State, and anchor it outside the Union—granting that ten thousand such men exist, which I do not believe—I will have Henry Wilson give you an anti-slavery speech from his chair in the Senate within three months. The moment you will convince me there is a nucleus in Massachusetts that demands it, I will get the work done. All we have got to do now is to make the nucleus. We have done a great deal. Times are changed. I can remember when Peleg Sprague, standing in Faneuil Hall, pointing to the portrait of Washington, said in his emphatic iron tones, "*that slaveholder!*" and all Faneuil Hall rose in rapturous applause. But Edward Everett remembers not to mention that fact to-day; and the anti-slavery agent who reminds an audience that Washington was a slaveholder is thought very unkind! That is a great change. But we have not yet succeeded in making the anti-slavery sentiment as unequivocal, and outspoken, and determined as it should be. There is no use in keeping terms with the pulpit and the press. There is no use in Abolitionists calling the *Tribune* an anti-slavery paper—it is not, it is a sham (applause). The more good articles it has, the greater injury it does. I know that seems harsh criticism to some. I tell you, in my opinion, it is necessary criticism. If you come to close battle with the Slave Power, it is not by such instrumentalities that the kind of anti-slavery purpose necessary for the contest is to be produced. I do not want an anti-slavery sympathy that, when a fugitive slave stands in State street, is wide awake to protect him, to a certain extent; I want that anti-slavery purpose so general and so determined that it shapes the very policy of the State, and gives out to the world that the Commonwealth is, and shall be, a refuge for fugitive slaves.

I know I am making this point of more importance than some Abolitionists deem it deserves. I think it the very Thermopylæ of the anti-slavery movement. I believe that, as in the old fable, the mother of Achilles, when she plunged him into the Styx, to make him invulnerable, left his heel, and that, in the end, gave him his death, so, when our fathers made the compromises of the Constitution, some pitying angel put it into their hearts to admit the clause for the recovery of fugitive slaves, and it was to be the spot on the heel that was to give the slave system its death at last, through the sympathies of Northern hearts. I believe that through that one single point, you could make slave property valueless, even in defiance of the Slave Power. If we could only lift Illinois, or Ohio, or Pennsylvania up to the level of a decent anti-slavery determination, there could not be a slave in Maryland or Kentucky. And how long do you think the system would survive after that? Horace Mann says that when the Constitution is abolished, slave property will be valueless, because nothing can keep the slaves from running away, while God gives us nights. If that parchment is the only thing that stands in the way, and we cannot get rid of it by voting, we can get rid of it, as Mr. Wright has told us, by teaching the people to trample it under their feet.

Some men say—"What is the use of preaching Disunion? You cannot bring it about." If we can educate ten thousand men up to our platform, and plant them along the frontiers, we can make the proud Wickliffs of Kentucky yield up their slaves without a law. They cannot keep them. That is for you and me to do; and the moment we have created a people who are not to be frightened by the cry of "Traitor" or "Infidel," that moment we shall have a Disunionist to represent you in the Congress of the United States, and everywhere else.

My friends, my faith in the abolition of slavery always contemplates three methods. One is blood. It is possible that the slaves in some corner of the slave territory may rise; and any considerable rising would carry such terror into the adjoining countries that that might inaugurate some method of emancipation. I do not despair of that, when I recollect that the fright caused by twelve men in Northern Tennessee, who were suspected of plotting an insurrection, and hung so hastily that they were dead before the alarmed slaveholders discovered that it was all a mistake—when I recollect that this fright made Richmond tremble, two hundred miles east, I do not despair of this alternative. I have no respect for the permanency of an institution that knows it sleeps on the edge of a volcano. My other alternative is, that the South, in the madness of success, may stamp her iron heel on Kansas, or some other Territory, so boldly and haughtily, that the North-West—which has far less respect for law than we have—may rise, and, lighting the torch of civil war, wave it over the Union, and divide it, without our will, into two great communities. That is possible, if this vile opiate of Republicanism does not lull and besot the awakening conscience of the West. We might have heard such tidings two years ago. The guns were loaded and shotted to their lips, the hearts were ready, and the hands that would have pointed them against the United States banner in the Territory of Kansas, twenty months ago, but for the timid counsels of Republicans in the city of Washington, that bade them wait, lest they should endanger the success of Fremont, or some other candidate. The time may come when the spirit of some other Territory, or even of Kansas herself, may send forth the electric spark that shall fire the Western heart, and stir it into resistance. That is not impossible. But my other alternative is the one on which I more confidently rely, and that is, that when we have stirred this Northern conscience to a proper feeling on the subject of slavery—when we have got rid, in the political arena, of this dread of the charge of being Disunionists—when we have educated the people out of the reach of Republican leaders, until they are determined to abolish slavery at all hazards—then I think it is possible that, construing their own Constitution to suit themselves, and availing themselves of their own sovereignty to preserve an individual State, they may set the example and rally around it neighbouring States; and then, over that Constitution, defying it, construing it into nothing, assuming power, they will abolish slavery in the Southern States by a law of the Union—violating all compromises, and judicial decisions, and the provisions of the Constitution. If we do our duty, these Northern States will soon be in the mood of mind to usurp the power and wield it to whatever end their own aroused consciences may point. If this does not come through our faithfulness to principle, through our preaching of individual responsibility, we shall never get it out of a political organization. Religion underlies it. Our first battle was with the Church, our last battle will be with the Church. When Ward Beecher slams his door in the face of the American Bible Society and South-Side Adams, it will be an act worthy of that Luther of the Orthodox world. When a man, in full standing, and with a religious character left him, shall undertake to say to his brethren in the Church, "There can be no Christianity unless it includes Anti-Slavery," and when our movement to educate the people comes up to support him from behind, comes up to give him the fulcrum on which the lever of his revolution is to be planted, and do—what Cheever and Beecher are capable of doing, if they had only the heart and foresight to attempt it, that is, pledge the real religion of the country against the religious organizations, and shame the organizations into the confession that they are synagogues of Satan, and draw out from them all the religious vitality that remains within them—when that is done, we can inaugurate a new epoch in politics, not until then.

My friends, the fight is just this. You cannot grapple with the Slave Power without the religious element. What we have to do is tantamount to revolution. No body of men ever rose against civil abuses, against civil usurpation, but on the spur of religious enthusiasm or starvation. I am not now speaking of slaves; to their honour, they rise often. The slave who does not write his own merit in the catalogue of insurrections hardly deserves freedom. I hope no Abolitionist will have the weakness to apologize for, explain, or deny the glorious merit of slave insurrections (cheers). If I drank any toast, I should drink every day after dinner, "Success to the first insurrection of slaves in a Northern slave State!" (applause)—for I think no slave proves his manhood except those who rise and at least try to cut their masters' throats. In San Domingo, they wrote the history of their manhood, from 1522 down to 1780, in a continual series of insurrections, and they deserved to be the first State that inaugurated the glorious doctrine of Immediate Emancipation (loud applause). Some trace its origin to Elizabeth Heyrick, in England, and some to the door of our distinguished friend William Lloyd Garrison. It does not belong to either of them: No pale face can claim it. The black race on the plains of San Domingo announced it, and proved it, and stood by it, for sixty years.

But I say, no people ever rose against civil corruption except on the spur of religious enthusiasm or starvation. Man is an idler by nature, and will endure anything rather than give up his indolence and his ease. Nothing but the most inordinate abuse will ever crush the inherent idleness out of us; for we all love ease more than ideas. Freedom is born of ideas; Despotism is most often the mere gratification of the senses. Revolution, therefore, never comes except from religious enthusiasm or from want. We, in America, cannot be starved into revolution; we are too prosperous; the only way by which we can be lifted into it is by religious conviction. The very basis and nucleus of our cause is the constant, unintermitted, unceasing proclamation before the world and the church, that the American Church is the synagogue of Satan, and that ours is the Christianity of the thirty-one States (loud applause).

You may deem that fanaticism—whatever you choose; I believe that nothing else will suffice for the exigencies of a country like ours, fighting against a Slave Power composed of two thousand millions of dollars, the aristocracy of the Constitution, and the Saxon contempt for the black man—the three elements of an Aristocracy such as Europe cannot show in the most despotic of her governments; and against it, it is in vain that Mr. Sumner hurls his eloquence, and Senator Wilson tries his intrigue; it is in vain that Seward uses now his diplomacy, and now his silence, and Governor Chase tries his submission. Neither the one nor the other, neither half-hearted courage nor whole-hearted eloquence will effect anything against a system planted in money, bulwarked by aristocracy, and crowned by that strongest of all qualities in the Saxon, the contempt for a race that they have held under their heel. No! against such a three-ply cable, there is no vigour in anything, except the uttermost demand of Christian, rigid principles, and the repeal of all religious character and all Christian consistency to every form of apology for an intermixture with it. Where this cause began, there is where it is to plant itself constantly—in an unintermitted warfare with the American pulpit, in an effort to educate these twenty millions of people. Mr. Caleb Cushing, down there in Faneuil Hall, has the hardihood to affirm that the Administration of Franklin Pierce never did an act in regard to which they did not consult the dignity, the wishes, and the honour of Massachusetts! Yes, he had the hardihood to make that statement in Faneuil Hall. Men would say, "It is odd he should." It is not odd at all. He believes it; I have no doubt he believes it. I knew a man once, who died at the age of seventy years. He had cheated everybody with whom he came in contact, and the last time he stood in a court, it was to be guilty of forgery; and when on his death-bed, the clergyman who sat at his side urged him to repent of any sins that might have marked his life. He looked up with unaffected simplicity, and said he, "Sins! sins! I don't think I ever committed sins!" (Loud laughter.) I think Caleb Cushing is the same sort of a man (renewed laughter). I think there are men out of whom the capacity to distinguish moral right and wrong has been burned, if God ever gave it to them. Now, from Caleb Cushing, up to the commonest apologist for slavery who sails with an easy conscience on the broad current of the Republican party, as some ships do for any harbour that happens to be most profitable—from him up to them, I think that whole force of the American mind is the one that our hard work is to plough up, and plant the seeds of moral right and wrong, and educate them up to the purpose, and keep them up to the white heat of an unceasing, determined opposition to the Slave Power. We can only do it by recognising it as a religious duty. I despair of any other means. What is politics? To-day it is stirred to action—to-morrow, it is gone. To-day it gathers round us—to-morrow, it is cheated of its purpose. As Mr. Higginson showed us so thoroughly this afternoon, the Slave Power sits in perpetual session, solid, sleepless, iron, organic power, like Wellington's hollow square in the centre of Waterloo—all bayonets, all iron. What have we to oppose it? Why, now a caucus, and then a convention; now a series of resolutions, and then an address; now a sermon, and then a prayer. What does it avail? Chaff! The seabird beating against the rocky coast of Massachusetts—the foam striking against Nahant rocks! It amounts to nothing. There it sits; it can bide its time. It can wait until Webster is cheated, and buried at Marshfield; it can wait until the Whig party is gone, the Democratic party sundered, the Republican party cheated—wait any length of time. And all this will come soon—too soon. It can wait until that man is old, and this tired; until that man is bankrupt, and this man's zeal has grown cold. It sits like that rock in Sinbad the Sailor, and draws out all the nails from the piratical ship, and lets the party go to pieces. There it sits! How are you going to make head against it? I want a thunderbolt wrought in the brain of Jupiter himself such as Luther launched when he struck down Catholic supremacy, such as the Puritan hurled at the throne of England before he left it to plant an Empire here in the Western World. We want the religious enthusiasm that bore up those centuries above their sisters, and made them stand out prominent in the struggles for human liberty. And until we understand that we must effect this education of the popular mind, slowly, "line upon line," we have done nothing. Perhaps it will take generations—I do not know. All I know is, that at present, virtue seems to be burned out of us. I want to plant in these Northern States a hatred of Slavery, deep as three centuries of unreasoning prejudice has planted the Protestant plant against the Catholic. I would like to see the Protestant that ever had the fairness to read a Catholic book or to listen to a Catholic lecture. He would laugh at the idea; it is an exploded thing. He has got his Protestantism in his bones. We have to make our Anti-Slavery not a part of the blood, but a part of the bones—make it in the very nature of a Northerner. I love a Southerner! He carries a slave in his right hand wherever he goes. Even if he comes to Bunker Hill, Senator Mason drags one with him, and crams it down Robert Winthrop's throat (applause). That is the sort of a man I like. I would like to take Faneuil Hall, and Hancock, and Otis, and Garrison, and go to Richmond, Virginia, and crowd them down Mason's throat, "under the October sun of the Old Dominion." When the Northerner has the purpose to carry that wherever he goes, then we will go everywhere, and carry that freedom and belief throughout the Union. But now he goes skulking down to Washington, and apologises for being a Massachusetts man!

There are a great many propositions we might make; there are a great many points of attack on the popular mind. Mr. Higginson thinks we are not broad enough. We are chained face to face. It is the classic fable of the living and the dead chained together. We breathe into each others lips every breath we draw. My hatred of slavery is most intense when I go into an assembly of young men here in Boston, see them growing up into citizens of our old State, and know that the influences under which they are brought are influences that will steal more than half their souls and tie their lips, and that they will not dare to speak their own thoughts on this subject of slavery, or any other; that they will hold their manhood at the bidding of somebody else; that their humanity ranges as high as the ledgers of Milk Street, and their religion as high as the pulpit of the Old South, and no higher (applause). It is because I have looked into the faces growing up into the veriest slaves—*contented* slaves—who, unlike the black slaves of the plantation, need no guard to keep them in order. The white slaves in the streets of Boston—they are contented slaves. They eat their allotted food out of the national trough, and say it is all well. And this is American Christianity; he is an Infidel who denies! (Applause.) God grant that they may spare for me a piece of marble large enough to write "Infidel" at the top, and "Traitor" at the bottom! (Prolonged applause.)

THE TWO REVIVALS.

Side by side with the wondrous revival of religion now going forward in our country, there is progressing a revival of the most damning and atrocious wickedness that ever was endured in any Christian or civilized society. Under the fullest light of the Gospel, at a period of the greatest perfection, the widest spread, and the completest interpretation and application of that light, and in the nation, of all others, most boastful of its Christian as well as civil and social knowledge, freedom and benevolence, and arrogating to itself the most extraordinary measures of divine grace ever poured upon any people; here, in this very nation, and under all this fullness of light, that most consummate perfection of avarice, cruelty, injustice and inhumanity from man to man, the slave trade, has been renewed, revived, admitted in full fellowship, and is now in good and regular standing, not merely as shielded by our Constitution, according to legitimate conclusions from the Dred Scott decision, but as an essential element of God's Missionary Institute for the good of the race.

And side by side with the revivals in our churches there is going on, for the support and extension of human slavery, that other stupendous villany of usurpation and of despotism, the enforcement of a slave constitution upon the free people of a free territory, against their sovereign will, expressed in the constitutionally appointed and most sacred and binding form of expression, the vote of the whole people, from which, both in the theory and practice of a free government, there can be no appeal. Yet here, in a Republic, it is deliberately proposed and determined by Senators and Representatives to pay no more regard to that expression, than to the wind from the summit of Mount Blanc. Nay, the tools of official falsehood are at hand, through whose perjury, if need be, the Senate and House of Representatives, together with the President, will unblushingly deny any such expression, and affirm the opposite, with the evidences of the monstrous fraud and injustice kept concealed by agreement, in their own pockets!

And this iniquity, with the whole complication of public and private corruption, lying, forgery and violence, by which it has been supported and covered up, and all the solemn political fabrications, misrepresentations and suppressions of truth by the President, and all the outrages upon justice and judgment by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision, and all the evasions and chokings down of the appointed inquisition into the usurpation in Kansas, can find apologists even in our churches! This great national crime, with all its concomitants and inevitable consequences, is supported by professedly Christian men, taken captive in this thing by Satan at his will, and though occupying respectable positions in society, yet willing to degrade themselves as the veriest hacks and drudges of a domineering slavocracy! They have the effrontery to call upon the community, under their own signatures, to come forward and sanction this iniquity, and give it popularity, and force it through.

Perhaps they take this occasion, because they think that Christians, the churches and the ministry, the proper guardians of religion and morality, the app

if the slavocracy do agree, and the party working under them and with them at the North, and supporting them, do consent (and their consent is assured beforehand to whatever edict the slavocracy please to issue), then it would be easy to maintain, as a constitutional expediency and necessity, the lengthening of the Presidential term, under its present incumbency, for life. There is nothing in the Constitution more palpably forbidding such a change than there is against the proscription of a whole class of human beings on account of race and colour; than there is against the iniquity of depriving a whole class of free inhabitants of their very citizenship on account of race and colour.

It would be as easy for the Supreme Court to decide that President Buchanan's term of office ought to be for life, and to construct as good an argument for it, as to decide that the coloured race in this country cannot be citizens, and that black men have no rights, according to the Constitution, that white men are bound to respect. And as to the immorality or iniquity involved in such a *coup d'état*, it would be angelic innocency compared with the injustice, inhumanity and atrocity of the crime of national man-stealing. A mere item of appointed constitutional formalism disregarded in the former, but the whole majesty and law of God defied and violated, and all justice crucified, and the claims of humanity trampled on, as well as the whole spirit and letter of the Constitution perverted, in the latter!

And with the Supreme Court declaring the life-term for the present expediency and distress to be constitutional, and the slave party declaring the opinion of the court to be law, and the Executive promulgating it as such, with a standing army to enforce its operation, and ministers and churches maintaining that what is law is right, and once passed as law must not be disobeyed nor resisted, and a Northern party, with its millionaires, mammon-worshippers, and respectable and Christian cotton-conservatives, maintaining the whole usurpation as essential to the existence and supremacy of their interests, what movement would there be against it? Who would begin the insurrection, or where? And then, for the sake of slavery, this *Presidential* despotism, supported by the slavocracy, could at a second move, with as much ease in America glide into an *Imperial* despotism, and run the hazard of just as little effective opposition from the people, as in France. Perhaps we are on the eve of such a second grand usurpation, of which the comparatively local usurpation in Kansas has been only the forerunner. The revival, at any rate, will certainly go on; its spirit is not of a nature to be resisted by trifles, or frightened or exorcised by any merely *parallel* excitement. Moreover, a revival that shows its faith by its works will always gain the victory, in the end, over that which is satisfied with the mere theory of conversion and of righteousness.—*Rev. Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

REORGANIZATION OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

From The Times.

Mr. Seward has given notice of his intention to introduce a bill in the Senate to reorganize the United States Supreme Court and the Circuit Courts, in such manner that the several States be represented by Judges more nearly on the basis of their federal population, and also that the administration of justice shall be made more speedy and efficient.

This movement is significant and important. The Supreme Court has, of late, made itself, in an unprecedented manner, the exponent and advocate of sectional politics, and is notoriously relied upon, by the quarter of the Union in which a majority of its Justices reside, to protect and extend that peculiar insitution which is so abhorrent to the North. No guarantee has been secured that the members of this paramount tribunal should be fairly distributed among the States.

The early law-givers of the Republic could not contemplate, as likely to happen, a contingency in which the Supreme Court would abuse its vast power by becoming the propagandist of slavery, or the advocate of any sectional interest. Accordingly, the selection of the Justices was left entirely to the President, their appointment depending on the consent of the Senate, a limitation of executive discretion which has practically amounted to very little.

Let us see how the Court, as now constituted, stands in relation to the different States and sections of the Union.

There are nine Justices, of whom the following is a list, with the States in which they respectively reside:

Roger B. Taney, Maryland.
John McLean, Ohio.
James M. Wayne, Georgia.
John Catron, Tennessee.
Peter V. Daniel, Virginia.
Samuel Nelson, New York.
Robert C. Grier, Pennsylvania.
John A. Campbell, Alabama.
Nathan C. Clifford, Maine.

Five of the nine, it will be seen, are citizens of the slave States. Let us here compare the federal population of the slave with the free States, according to the census of 1850.

Free States,	13,436,931
Slave States,	8,380,742

Thus, while the representative population of the North exceeds that of the South more than sixty per cent., the South has a majority of the Court.

There are nine circuits, in each of which a Justice resides.

These are composed as follows:

1. Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island—Mr. Justice Clifford.
2. Vermont, Connecticut and New York—Mr. Justice Nelson.
3. New Jersey and Pennsylvania—Mr. Justice Grier.
4. Delaware, Maryland and Virginia—Mr. Chief-Justice Taney.
5. Alabama, Louisiana and Florida—Mr. Justice Campbell.
6. North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia — Mr. Justice Wayne.
7. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan—Mr. Justice McLean.
8. Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri—Mr. Justice Catron.
9. Mississippi and Arkansas—Mr. Justice Daniel.

Let us compare the representative population of a few of these circuits:

No. 1 (Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts) has 2,053,204.
No. 4 (Delaware, Maryland and Virginia) has 1,870,141.
No. 2 (Vermont, Connecticut and New York) has 4,782,206.
No. 6 (North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia) has 2,021,644.

We need not go through the list. Enough is presented to show the gross inequality existing in favour of the South.

We are glad to see the announcement of Mr. Seward's bill. In this endeavour to restore the lost rights of the North we trust he will lack the support of no Northern man. Even if the Court had not lent itself to the South, the measure would be eminently fair and equitable. As the case stands, it is a necessary assertion of rights, and an imperative resistance to the iniquitous partiality manifested by the Court for slavery. The proposed measure contemplates nothing to which a valid or even plausible objection can be made. It only demands what is clearly due to the free States; and, as the North has the power to take what belongs to it, we trust that power will be exercised.

WALKER AND STANTON—THEIR TREATMENT BY THE ADMINISTRATION.

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

Washington, March 3.

There is a secret history connected with the appointments of Walker and Stanton, which will yet be fully revealed in the progress of their differences with the Administration. Both of them absolutely refused to accept, and it was only after the utmost persuasion that either yielded, and then with the clearest and most positive understanding with the President, and every member of the Cabinet, of the policy to be pursued.

When Walker finally yielded his objections, at the solicitation of all the personal and political influence that could be invoked to persuade him, he made a stipulation that Stanton should be appointed Secretary, to act as Governor until his arrangements could be made a month later for going to Kansas. Stanton positively declined, owing to the extent and nature of his professional engagements. He was called upon by Gen. Floyd, Secretary of War, to urge a reconsideration of that refusal, and persisted, agreeing, however, to withhold a personal answer until the following day. The next morning he went to the War Department, but, fearing to trust himself to the contingencies of another interview, requested a friend to communicate his declension.

A Cabinet meeting was held that day, and Reverdy Johnson was called in, being known as a friend of all the parties. He left the council and called upon Stanton with another proposition, offering at the same time to take charge of all his cases before the Court of Claims, and other tribunals. It was under these circumstances that he finally accepted, and with an arrangement of being appointed, after a limited period of service in Kansas, to the superintendency of Indian Affairs in the West, made vacant by the nomination of Mr. Cummings as Governor of Utah, in consideration of his pecuniary sacrifices. The express condition was that the Constitution should be submitted to the people, for this was the policy by which they and the Administration expected to extricate the Kansas imbroglio from its then menacing aspect, relying for their justification upon the principles of the Nebraska bill.

Another fact in the same connection is worthy of mention. The President was informed last summer that the Free State party was largely in ascendancy; all the indications pointed to their inevitable possession of power, and that the sentiment of the Territory demanded the submission of the Constitution from the Convention about to assemble to the popular judgment. Upon receiving these assurances, a request was made that "our friends" should write the facts, with a view of preparing the public mind for a foreshadowed result.

General Whitfield, then and now a federal officeholder, who had been the territorial delegate in Congress, accordingly addressed a letter to Washington, setting forth fully the condition of things in Kansas. That letter was sent to *The Union* office for publication, was actually in type, but, for some reason or other, best known to those concerned, was suddenly suppressed at the last hour, and has never appeared. It is understood, however, that some of the proof-sheets are in the hands of other parties, and may yet see the light of day. In every stage of this business, and in each of the many phases it has assumed, deception and trickery are stamped upon it throughout.

Preferring Kansas to Cuba.—The Charleston *Mercury*, more than any other paper the organ of Southern feeling, speaks of the proposed purchase of Cuba as merely "an attractive bait"—"a red rag" to deceive and cajole the South, while Kansas slips away from its grasp; and it exhorts Southern statesmen not to be beguiled by Cuba into giving ground on the Kansas issue.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 Nassau street, *New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 Nassau street, *New York*."

The Conventions appointed at Hudson, Poughkeepsie and Milton are, on account of the illness of Mr. Garrison, indefinitely postponed. We regret this for the cause's sake, and also on account of the personal disappointment which not a few of its friends will feel.

SENATOR SEWARD'S SPEECH.

We are sorry that the exigencies of our space forbid our printing Mr. Seward's able speech of the 3d of March, this week. But our regret is modified by the recollection that it has been reproduced in so many papers, and will so soon be sent flying over the land in pamphlet-shape, that hardly one of our readers can miss seeing it, if he have not already done so. It is a singularly clear and succinct history of the Kansas villany; and if it were possible for scoundrels in high places to be put down by "a plain tale," Buchanan and his crew would not have where to show their faces. But supreme authority has spells of marvellous cunning mixtures,

> "Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
> And give it false presentments,"

and to turn the brow to brass while it changes the heart to stone. The speech is admirably free from the too common twaddle of official proprieties, and the disgraceful conduct of the President and the base subserviency of the Supreme Court are treated of in the tone of contemptuous denunciation which, and which only, they deserve. Mr. Seward deserves high praise for his plainness of speech and his daring to utter truths so odious in the ears of a servile Senate and almost under the eaves of the National Palace. Perhaps his sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Usurpation in Kansas is as complete as any that has yet been made, and, coming from so celebrated a hand, this "picture in little" of that tyranny may do much towards revealing to many, and recalling to the recollections of all, its ugliness of feature and of intention.

It is, however, the speech of a party leader—of a politician, in the American sense of the word, as distinguished from a statesman, though of an enlightened and liberal one. It draws the outline of the platform on which the Opposition to the existing state of things is to rally in 1860, and it is so drawn as to appeal to the selfish interests rather than to the higher principles of mankind. It commits the general fault of politicians, that of writing itself down to the level of a low average of principle and feeling, in the hope of gathering a larger draught in its net, instead of stimulating high aspirations and noble reachings after the right. Mr. Seward assumes the certain success of the Free States in obtaining the control of the machine of State, and predicts the inevitable downfall of slavery as the result of the laws of political economy and of the unequal contest between Slave Labour and Free. This is all true enough, undoubtedly, in the ultimate adjustment of the affairs of the world; just as it is certain that despotism and superstition, the power of king, Kaisar and pope, will, in the due course of events, yield to a better state of things. The error of Mr. Seward, as it seems to us, lies in representing these changes in our country to be at hand and as sure to be produced by the political and economical agencies now most prominently at work. We think he is hasty in his conclusions as to the sure triumph of the Free States at the next Presidential Election. Last November was a twelvemonth the Republican party seemed to have grasped the golden round and top of Sovereignty, it was apparently within their very fingers, when Mr. Buchanan, by the aid and assistance of Mr. Fillmore, "from the shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in his pocket." We should like to know what is to insure us against such another combination of all the elements in affinity with Slavery to defeat again the projection on which the political alchemists rest all their hopes for their philosopher's stone?

We think Mr. Seward is mistaken in his calculations as to the prevalence of his Northern party at the next Election; but we are sure that he is in any inferences he may think deducible from anything in his speech as to any restraint to be put upon Slavery by his party, should his visions come true. He admits the right of States to come in with Slaves if they so please. His party hardly could shut the door of the Capitol in the face of Arizona, or any or all of the five States to be formed out of Texas, should they present themselves with all their patriarchal train of men-servants and women-servants. Indeed, the Republicans, in all their authentic utterances, have ever disclaimed all intention of interfering with or molesting Slavery in the enjoyment of any of its Constitutional rights. Possessed of these, with their unbroken phalanx in the House and their large minority in the Senate, the slaveholders would stand almost as well placed as ever to take advantage of the inevitable differences of the majority and to apply their tactics of governing the whole by controlling a part. It is possible that the dominion of Slavery would be exercised with more of the decencies and decorums of civilized governments than it now thinks worth its pains; but surely this would be the opposite of a good. If we must take poison, let there be no honey on the lip of the cup to deceive us as to the quality of the potion. If we are doomed still to wear fetters, let their iron enter into our souls, without silken softness to deaden their clank or flowery garlands to hide their ugliness. Mr. Seward evidently accepts the doctrine of our Manifest Destiny and looks forward to the time when the whole boundless Continent shall be ours. And under these conditions, with a long succession of States to be welcomed into our sisterhood, such as are used to and fitted for the service of slaves, he thinks that political economy will, before very long, persuade or compel them to let their thralls go free. We think not, as long as the peculiar prerogative of exercising political power in virtue of slave-ownership exists, and as long as so strong a common interest, binding them in an indissoluble league, shall ever make them virtually the masters of each succeeding situation.

Mr. Seward assumes the perpetuity of the Union, as is the present way of political writers and speakers. He does not, indeed, like some of them, profess the determination of the Republican party to prevent the dissolution of the Union by force of arms, but takes it for granted that it has some principle of immortal life, as well as of everlasting growth, which is to save it from the fate of all former factitious conglomerations of distinct peoples under one government. It is a common thing to sneer at the weakness of the South and to profess a belief that the sense of their weakness will forever hinder the slaveholders from breaking the link that unites them with us. The South will be weak enough after separation from the North, no doubt; but not so weak as the North will be to prevent it if any part of the Southern States elect to dissolve. The idea of compelling any of the Southern States by force to remain in the Union, if they are really bent upon going out of it, is simply and absolutely absurd. They will not elect to do so, probably, as long as they have the free range for extension towards the South offered them by the policy of the Republicans, and as long as the Constitution secures them a blocking and checking power in Congress, by reason of their slaveholding, if not a controlling one as heretofore, and as long as we are ready to catch their slaves for them and put down their insurrections. But we are not sure that even those prerogatives, should the North actually seize the control of the government out of their hands, would be sufficient inducement to them to stay with us. As long as, by force or fraud, by political combinations and manœuvres and by club-law and revolver-logic, they can have everything their own way, there will be no occasion of their deserting us. But should the North ever actually obtain the majority necessary to carry its own measures, and muster up the pluck to do so in spite of the vapouring minority, then it is by no means impossible that they may be left to their own insane device of separation.

The error of politicians, generally, is that they assume that men are guided in the great actions of their lives and histories by their interests. It is strange that men should live to manhood and look about them in the world around, and read the history of race to this day, and not see the fallacy of this basis of reasoning. Men are governed by their passions and not by their interests. There was never yet a Revolution that came of calculations; such always spring into being from impulses. It is a great mistake to neglect the mighty passions which are now boiling and foaming in men's breasts, South and North, in any computation of the expectation of life in the Union. However politico-economically absurd it may be, there can be no doubt that there does exist in the slaveholding mind a bitter hatred of the North and a belief that the Union is evil, only evil, and that continually, to slavery. And it is not less true, in spite of the smooth things uttered by political prophets, that there is a corresponding disaffection towards the Union, not to say hatred of it, spreading and growing rapidly at the North. The purely factitious loyalty to the Union which used to be made one of the instruments of party supremacy is extinct, or professed only by effete fogies or rampant officeholders. The masses have learned to look at it, as it is, as a Partnership, entered into for certain purposes and not worth keeping up after it has failed of its specific ends, and been perverted to the direst opposites. How long can the Free States and the Slave States remain in nominal union when they are both tugging in opposite directions at the chain which holds them together? This event, whenever it comes to pass (as it inevitably must), whether by the action of the North or the South, will be the era of the true prosperity of both regions—for it will liberate the North from a compact damaging to its conscience, its honour and its industry, and it will compel the South to look in the face the inevitable necessities of emancipation.

There is something underlying the material interests, and the political arrangements necessary to preserve them, which politicians are apt to overlook. It is the hearts and minds, the principles and the passions, the thoughts and the feelings, on which all politics rest. These last are but the foam, the sea-weed, the buoys, the *flotsam* and the *jetsam*, of the heaving ocean beneath. Mr. Seward speaks of the Anti-Slavery Agitation as "a feeble social movement," which was speedily superseded by the political Anti-Slavery organizations. He can hardly have forgotten how that movement, imperfect and feeble as it was, stirred up the Nation to its lowest depths, and made necessary the whole history of the country since. It is because we remember these things that we do think we have found out a more excellent way than the setting of political squadrons in the field. It is the development of the principles and the direction of the passions from which the squadrons themselves spring into being. If we can but do this well, we can leave the drilling and the combinations to practised tacticians like Mr. Seward.

A SLAVEHOLDER IN A NORTHERN PULPIT.

Do the anti-slavery people of West Chester, Pa., know that they have a slaveholder among them in the person of a clergyman, an occupant of one of the pulpits of the Borough? Such, we understand, is the fact. The Rev. Michael D. Kurtz, the stationed preacher of the Methodist Church at West Chester—a native of a free State—has lately become a slaveholder in the right of his wife. Our authority for this statement is the Rev. J. D. Long, another Methodist clergyman and the author of "Pictures of Slavery in Church and State." In a letter addressed, some time since, to *The Northern Independent*, the Methodist anti-slavery paper published at Auburn, New York, Mr. Long, after stating several interesting facts, proceeds as follows:

"Here is a fact of recent occurrence. It may be objected that it is personal, but that is not my fault

"My case is this: I am in poor health, liable to die at any moment from hemorrhage of the lungs. I may be dead before the next Conference, or I may live for years. Now, if I die soon, many facts that ought to be known would die with me, would be covered up, and the pro-slavery party would try to cast odium on my fair reputation. It is a curious fact, that my bitterest opponents, amongst the preachers in the Conference, are those who are natives of the free States, and have married in Delaware and Maryland. I have not been treated unkindly by a single preacher raised in Maryland (Quigley is a Pennsylvanian); I mean with personal rudeness. But to the incident.

"Rev. Michael D. Kurtz, a native of a free State, and a member of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, and stationed at West Chester, Pa., married a lady in Maryland, who has recently become the owner of slaves by the death of her father. *This man, or his family, is partly supported by the unpaid labour of these slaves; and while he is preaching what he calls gospel to the anti-slavery citizens of West Chester* (for the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society lately held their Annual Meeting there), *those poor bondmen are being hired out to Tom, Dick and Harry, I presume.* I have been aware for some time that he was connected with slavery, but did not expose him, lest I should seem an accuser instead of a witness against my brother. But as the reverend gentleman did, a few weeks since, in the presence of several gentlemen, but in a rude manner, pronounce many of my 'Pictures' to be falsehoods, and the Abolitionists fools (while he acknowledged that he had not read my book), I am bound, in self-defence, to show up this man to the Church. Such men are a disgrace to the Church, and it is just such as the Rev. M. D. Kurtz that are my malignant persecutors."

Mr. Kurtz, though supported by the unpaid toil of slaves, may deny that, in a legal sense, he is a slaveholder; but his treatment of Mr. Long shows that he is a slaveholder at heart and in full sympathy with the pro-slavery party in the Church. We commend his case to the attention of the anti-slavery people of West Chester, and especially to the attention of anti-slavery Methodists in that place. There ought to be, in every town in the free States, a public sentiment that would make it impossible for such a man to hold therein the place of a religious teacher; or, if he insisted upon preaching, that would leave him to do so to empty walls.

INTERESTING CELEBRATION.

On Friday evening, the 5th inst., the coloured people of Boston and some of their white friends celebrated the Eighty-eighth Anniversary of the Boston Massacre of 1770, in which fell Crispus Attucks, a negro, "the first martyr in the American Revolution," fighting bravely at the head of a company which his own patriotism had summoned to the conflict with British tyranny. Attucks's services have been acknowledged by John Adams, who said, in his plea for the British soldiers, "Attucks appeared to be the hero of the night, and to lead the people." He was buried with great honour from Faneuil Hall. There had been no celebration of the Massacre since 1783, and Mr. William C. Nell, a coloured man earnestly devoted to the welfare of his oppressed brethren, conceived the idea of a commemoration of the event this year in Faneuil Hall, in which justice should be awarded to Attucks. The project would seem to have been carried out with a tact and energy highly creditable to Mr. Nell, if we may judge from the following incidents of the celebration as recorded in a Boston paper:

"The hall was appropriately decorated, and well filled by an audience, most of whom were of African origin. In front of the platform were many engravings, relics and documents, tending to show the part taken by the coloured people in the struggle for American freedom.

"Among them was an engraving, representing Washington crossing the Delaware, in which Prince Whipple is seen pulling the stroke oar, the coloured soldier that in other sketches is seen on horseback, quite prominent near the Commander-in-Chief; a certificate (in Gen. Washington's own handwriting) of honourable discharge of Brister Baker, a coloured soldier in the Connecticut Regiment, June, 1783; a painting of the scene in State street, at the massacre of Crispus Attucks; a goblet and powder-horn belonging to Crispus Attucks; a flag presented by Gov. Hancock (in front of his mansion in Beacon street) to the Bucks of America (coloured company), at the close of the Revolutionary War; also a flag presented to the 'Protectors,' a coloured military company, by the merchants of Boston, for services rendered during the Revolutionary War.

"Among the living relics of the coloured population of Revolutionary days were Mrs. Kay, daughter of the ensign who received the flag above alluded to; Barzillia Lew, and other descendants of coloured Bunker Hill soldiers; also Grandmother Boston, aged 105, and Father Vassal, aged 88.

"Among the speakers, Dr. Rock, a coloured man, compared the African and Caucasian races in a favourable manner for the former, and said when he looked on the deep brown colour, the robust frame and the full features of the African, and the wan face, delicate physical systems and sharp features of the white race, he thought Nature had got pinched up, and made the whites to keep up appearances. Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and C. L. Remond followed. Mr. Parker said he hoped the blacks would soon assert their rights by raising the sword and cleaving their oppressors from head to groin. Wendell Phillips thought the time would come when the Legislature would pay for a monument to Crispus Attucks."

We regret that we cannot possibly find room, in this connection, for the speech of Dr. Rock, a copy of which we have received from his own hand. It will appear, doubtless, with other speeches made on the same occasion, in *The Liberator* of the present week.

*THE RELIGION OF CHRIST AND THE RELIGION OF THE WORLD.**

A SERMON,

Preached in All Souls' (Rev. Dr. Bellows's) Church, Sunday Morning, March 7, 1858.

BY WILLIAM H. FURNESS,
Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Philadelphia.

Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid for you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain.—*Galatians* IV.: 10, 11.

Religion, as it was taught by Christ, is neither a creed nor a ritual; but it is the daily life, animated by the highest aims, and growing constantly more beautiful and complete through the faithful performance of the natural duties of life. It is a pure heart and an unswerving continuance in well-doing. He who is living purely and honestly, in the habitual recognition of all his natural obligations, endeavouring only, in all his relations, to carry out his idea of rectitude—he is the religious man, the Christian, whether he belong to this Church, to that, or to none—to none but the invisible, universal Church, which receives within its pale all good men, of all times and countries, and of all religions. Such is religion, as I conceive, in the Christian sense of it.

Now, whenever religion, as thus defined, is exemplified in actual life, in the personal character of any man or woman, every body respects and loves it. They can't help themselves. They might as well pretend not to like the blessed light of day, or the air which they breathe. True religion (as I have briefly described it, and as you will find it described still more briefly and more distinctly, over and over again, in the Bible) always is sure of the goodwill and confidence of those who come in contact with it, let them be never so narrow-minded and bigoted. It may take them a good while to see it—to see it through the thick and distorting mists of their prejudices. They may persist in distrusting it, still they are always compelled, sooner or later, to give in and yield their respect and love to the just man; to him who, in his whole walk and conversation, shows himself to be upright, and pure, and candid, the slave of no selfish passion, but the master of all his passions, the loyal friend and brother of all. This character, which, I say, is the religious character according to Christ, men can no more help loving, and admiring, and trusting, than they can help breathing. It steals their hearts right out of their bosoms, even though they be guarded and locked up under the bolts and bars of the strongest theological prejudice, and that is the strongest kind of prejudice there is.

But, although true religion always has commanded respect and trust, and always will while the world stands, yet men are very reluctant to acknowledge its paramount value and to recognise it as religion. They will not consent to give it that honoured name. They admit that it is all very well, but that it is nothing but morality—mere morality. It is nothing that will stand a man in stead at the tribunal of God; nothing that will give him any cheer upon his deathbed, or enable him to confront the impenetrable dark with hope and in peace. It has nothing, they say, or only a very little to do with his spiritual interests, with the salvation of his soul. Religion! Religion is another and a very different thing. Religion has to do with things quite different and superior to these homely, ordinary qualities of justice, and fidelity, and purity, and active sympathy for our fellow-men—those virtues which are as familiar and commonplace as the light of day. Religion, so people think, concerns itself with profound mysteries of thought; with the awful idea of a God who is at once Three and One, and who, in one of these three persons, is ready to consign the whole race of men to the flames of Almighty Wrath, and would do it but for another of the sacred Three, who submits to become a man and to be hung upon a cross, pouring out his blood to wash clean the guilty souls of men and to quench the fiery vengeance which threatens them. Such are some of the things with which *religion* commands us to concern ourselves. In meditating such terrible topics of thought, and in deceiving ourselves into the idea that we believe them, we are to be what is called religious.

And again, the chief duties of religion, so it is widely understood, do not lie in the common paths, in the daily places of life, not in our parlours and counting-rooms, not in doing what every hour brings to be done, but in grand and solemn churches, visited one day in seven, and upon other fixed occasions. It does not esteem every day, but it sets apart certain days, and weeks, and months, and seasons, and these have such a peculiar sanctity that things innocent at other times become wicked then.

Such is what men call religion. How heaven-wide the difference between the two—between religion as Christ described it, and religion as it is represented by the world!

The liability to this palpable perversion is very great. It has always existed, and everywhere. Everywhere religion has been changed from a principle of life into a form—into opinions which are forms of thought—and into forms of worship. Everywhere, and in all ages, it has been driven from the daily homes and avocations of men into temples and churches, from the working days to Sabbaths, and Fasts, and Feastdays. It certainly is not a very extravagant thing to suppose, after the most explicit teachings of Christ, after his Godlike example, considering what authority has been accorded to him, how he has been regarded as nothing less than the Supreme Being himself, the very fountain of truth and light, considering all this, it surely is not looking for too much to expect that the world would have learned better, that men would have been disabused of the error of putting the shadow for the substance, the artificial dead form for the warm, breathing life.

But it was not so. Christ had hardly vanished from this earth, that voice, so divinely modulated by truth, so clear in its utterances, had hardly ceased to sound in men's ears before the struggle began between his simple and indisputable truths and the disposition of mankind to put forward their own fictions in the place of what is simple and natural.

Into that conflict the Apostle Paul rushed to the rescue of religion, as it was in Jesus. Paul was a man of wonderful strength of mind. He had been brought up with the greatest strictness as a Jew; and the Jewish idea of religion then was that it was a continual ceremonial, a thing of days, and places, and washing of hands, and fasts, and feasts. Sacrificial services, and offerings, and purifications in the temple, then absorbed nearly all the religious sensibility of the Jewish mind. Just think what an immense power there is in early education, in early impressions; how the beliefs, the scruples created in us in early childhood cling to us with a tenacity which the strongest efforts of enlightened reason cannot overcome. Just think of this; think how strict Jewish education was; what a reverence the imposing ceremonials of that religion must have breathed into the tender minds of the young. Think what an immense influence of this kind had been exerted upon Paul by his early culture, and then wonder at and admire the moral and intellectual energy with which he broke away from these early prejudices and cleared himself of them at a single bound. When the religion that Jesus taught—the truth that puts religion in a supreme devotion to the Right and in fraternal love to man—when this conception of religion was received into the mind of Paul, with what refreshing heartiness did he embrace it! How clearly did he appreciate the immeasurable superiority of the Christian representation of religion to every other view of it.

It is true, the writings of Paul, his epistles, are very obscure and difficult, but it is because they relate to questions of Jewish controversies and abound in modes of thought and speech now no longer existing. Still, hard as his writings are to be understood (and extremely liable, by the way, as they are to be misunderstood), yet it is apparent that he caught more fully than any other of the first Apostles (unless, indeed, it were the beloved disciple John) the spirit and meaning of Christ's teaching, the Christian idea of religion. He saw that it was a life, a principle of thought and action, always present and always active, and not a mere round of formal observances. While some among the Christians, those of Jewish birth, were scrupulous about what they ate, making it a matter of religion to abstain from certain kinds of food, just as it is a religious duty among the Jews, to this day, to abstain from the use of swine's flesh, Paul said, "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but peace and joy in a holy spirit of mind." When others doubted, even Peter himself, an intimate personal friend of Jesus, whether those who were not of Jewish birth were to be received and treated as those who were, Paul insisted that, "in Christ Jesus," *i. e.*, from the Christian point of view, "there is no difference between Jew and Gentile, male and female, bond and free," that they are all to be treated irrespectively of these distinctions. With regard to all external observances, his counsel was, "Let every man follow his own convictions and not undertake to judge others." "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Like a slave from whose limbs galling chains have fallen off forever, Paul exulted in the liberty which the Christian idea of religion brought with it. It was liberty, liberty indeed, to be delivered from a dead, heavy, wooden ceremonial. If there is slavery on earth, it is realized in those who consider themselves bound at certain hours to observe certain forms, to repeat over and over, and over again, the same words, to make the same prostrations and kneelings. These things have a certain charm, when they are novel. They offer, too, such a delightfully easy way of being good and religious! They catch the eye and the heart of the young and the imaginative, and attract one and another as converts to the formal religions that exist. But there is no life in them, no change, no progress. As the novelty must wear out, if the mind, the reason, does not grow stupid, if the heart do not become extinct, there must come a time when these monotonous formalities become so utterly uninteresting and dry that they eat into the very life like heavy chains of iron, and the poor soul, fettered, encased in this dead formalism as in a midnight dungeon, must cry out for deliverance from such a body of death. When, occasionally, I have been present witnessing the religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, I have been impressed with something picturesque in them, in the dress and attitudes of the officiating priests, until I have said to myself, This is all very beautiful to me, because it is new, but what a wearisome, grating, grinding bondage it would be if I had to go through with these things, subduing my thoughts and feelings to this nightmare monotony, how I should writhe under it, well-nigh to madness. Blanco White, who had been a Roman Catholic priest in Spain, tells us, in his Life, how the dignitaries of that Church—learned men, of high position—how they agonized under the oppression of dogmas and ceremonies which shocked their reason; how they cursed their lot, and into what utter unbelief they plunged.

The Apostle Paul rejoiced in escaping from this *bondage* as he calls it—the bondage of being tied down to a round of ceremonial observances. He had attained to a glorious light, to a grand liberty, in that he had learned from Christ that religion is not a lifeless form, but an illimitable activity; that the duties of religion consist in and are identical with those natural duties which it exercises a man's intellect and interests and warms his heart to discharge, and occupies and invigorates his whole nature.

In striving to communicate the same liberty to others, Paul went abroad, proclaiming the truth of Christ. He visited Galatia, and gathered some converts there. But after he left them, he learned that they were getting up a great zeal for the observance of Jewish rites and Jewish days and festivals. Just mark, now, how he addresses them, in the Epistle which he sent them: "How is it that ye are turning again to the weak and beggarly elements, to which ye desire again to be in bondage? Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid for you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain." As if he had said, "If you observe certain times, as if there were a positive religious value or merit in such observances, if you regard particular times and places as sacred, as if all hours and all places were not equally sacred, why then you show that you have not understood me at all. The truth which I have laboured to teach you, you have not received. You cannot possibly appreciate the religion of Christ. You have not taken the true idea, and my teaching is all labour lost. It is all in vain."

One cannot help asking, what would the Apostle say if he were to come back now and see how, after more than eighteen centuries, the professed followers of Christ are still observing days and weeks, and whole months, Ash Wednesdays and Holy Thursdays and Holy week and forty days of Lent!

Understand me, friends. I insinuate no objection to a proper notice of the anniversaries of great men and great events. I would gladly have even events of much less importance than those of Sacred History publicly commemorated. Most becoming it is in the people of this land to cherish and honour the memories of our great men, of such an one as George Washington for instance. His birthday claims always a public acknowledgment. It is fit that his virtues should be celebrated by the lips of the most eloquent, and that all men should ponder and imitate them. But it is a desecration of his memory and a waste of our precious time to content ourselves with praising him without imbibing his generous spirit. Let me pause here, my friends, to express my sorrow that the silver-tongued orator of New England, adorned as he is in all the graces of the most exquisite scholarship, can find no words to tell how the Father of his Country abhorred slavery, and hoped for its abolition, and, by his last will and testament, liberated his slaves. Surely these were things to be mentioned to his honour, and with especial emphasis at this time, when there is such pressing need that every authority, human and divine, should be invoked in behalf of that dear cause of human Freedom against which the powers of darkness are conspiring so fearfully. What a melancholy sign of the times, such an omission, at such a juncture, on the part of the distinguished eulogist of Washington! Some five and thirty years ago, when he was in the very heyday of his cultivated powers, our orator expressed himself thus—I quote his very words: "In the great Lancastrian school of the nations, Liberty is the lesson we are appointed to teach. Masters we claim not to be, but monitors we are of the noble doctrine. It may be written as in sand and effaced, but it shall be written again and again, until hands now fettered in slavery shall fairly trace it, and lips that now stammer at the noble word shall sound it out with an emphasis that shall wake the dead." Ah! how mournfully has this eloquent prophecy been fulfilled—in a reversed sense! The lips that once spoke with such power now stammer or fall silent.

To return: I breathe no objection to such an observance of commemorative days, whether religious or otherwise, as shall animate and strengthen us for the discharge of our daily duties. But what I refer to now, as betokening no right understanding of the religion which Christ taught, is the observance of certain days, as a positive religious duty, the attaching a peculiar sanctity to days and mere formalities, the placing of such things, rank and file, with the active offices of humanity, as if they were superior to these or even of equal worth. Were the Apostle to return again to earth, and see the importance given to the mere symbols of religion, to the keeping of Sabbaths and holy days, would he not have reason to be afraid that not only *his* labour, but the labours of hundreds of years had been all in vain? Do not these abounding religious forms show that not yet is Christianity understood—that what flourishes and is fashionable as religion is scarcely better than a thinly disguised Judaism?

We are at this present in the midst of the Fast of Lent. It purports to be a season of penitence and deep self-abasement. But what observance of it, what fruits of it are visible beyond a more abundant church-going and an abstinence from social pleasures at other times considered perfectly innocent? Is there any sorrow expressed before God for his law of Justice and Humanity violated in the persons of a great multitude of the down-trodden and oppressed brothers and sisters of Christ? The season of Lent terminates with Passion week, which celebrates the sufferings of Christ. But are professing Christians—are we who are so ready to honour Christ, are we ready to suffer with him, suffer opposition, suffer to be excommunicated as he was, to be denounced as irreligious, and for the same cause, for a like fidelity to the welfare of the despised and the outcast? Are we ready to suffer as he suffered for the least of his brethren, for those poor hunted children of Africa, who, as the highest tribunal in the land has declared, have no rights which white men are under any obligation to respect? I declare to you, my friends, it is beyond my power to imagine a grosser perversion of religion than this which we are witnessing in this our day. Days and weeks kept with a multitude of prayers and kneelings, to the sound of solemn music, and this great religious world, praying, kneeling, singing, not only utterly insensible to the wrongs of the friendless and enslaved, but crying out against it as sacrilege, as gross profanation, so much as to whisper an appeal for our hunted brother within the holy walls of churches, insisting that the cause of our common humanity has nothing to do with religion, that it is infidel and political, and I know not what, and must not be permitted to disturb the sacred repose of the Church!

We boast of our light and our advancement. We look with a degree of commiseration, if not with positive contempt, upon all who have gone before us as ignorant, and narrow-minded in comparison with us, and especially do we look down upon those Jews, those Pharisees in the days of Christ, who were so zealous for the Sabbath that they stigmatized a work of mercy performed on that day as a violation of its sanctity. We think it scarcely credible that men should ever have been the dupes of so palpable a delusion. But I protest, before God, I can see no difference. The very same perversion exists to this day, in all its grossness, and hundreds of churches are there in this land which are accounted so sacred that the worshippers who resort to them would be shocked and filled with horror if a word were breathed within their hallowed precincts against the iniquity of buying and selling human beings. Who can have any respect for such a religion as this, a religion that observes holy times and places and passes over justice and the love of God as things infidel and profane? Who can regard the revival of such a religion but with sorrow—the more extensive the revival only the more sorrowful. If *this* is religion, who is not willing to be denounced as an infidel to it?

In order to see clearly how profoundly false the religion of *men*, how grossly the idea of it has become corrupted, call to mind that most bloody war which raged, two or three years ago, in the East, when hostile nations were arrayed against each other, armed with such deadly instruments of destruction that it seemed as if Hell had yawned and were vomiting forth death and fire over that fated spot (the Crimea). Undoubtedly the cause of that murderous work was the lust of power. But the occasion, the original pretence of that terrible conflict was a zeal for *the holy places*. You recollect how much was said and what a heat was struck up by the French usurper, before the war broke out, about *the holy places*—the Sepulchre of Christ, for which two great Churches, the Greek Church, with the Czar of Russia at its head, and the Latin Church, with the Pope as its chief, have been contending for centuries. Let those who

CONVENTION AT EASTON, N. Y.

THE Convention assembled in the Friends' meeting-house, at South Easton, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 27, at 2 1-2 o'clock. A goodly number of people were in attendance. The following organization was adopted:

President—JOSEPH W. PECKHAM.
Vice-Presidents—SARAH H. BAKER.
Secretary—DAVID BAKER.
Business Committee—Aaron M. Powell, Elizabeth G. Peckham, Charles L. Remond, Hannah Thomas, Job Wilbur.
Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, Esther Wilbur, Abel Thomas.

The PRESIDENT made brief opening remarks, setting forth the character and objects of the Convention.

Brief addresses were then made by SUSAN B. ANTHONY, CHARLES L. REMOND and AARON M. POWELL. The fundamental principles of the anti-slavery movement were spoken of; the struggles, both for and against slavery, which have been, and are actively going on, were referred to; also, the need of continued and vigorous anti-slavery effort. Remarks were subsequently made by DAVID DUVOL, JOB WILBUR and H. MARKHAM, after which the Convention adjourned till 7 1-2 o'clock p. m.

EVENING SESSION.—The President in the chair.

A. M. POWELL, on behalf of the Business Committee, presented resolutions as follows:

Whereas the institution of chattel slavery exists in this country with undiminished influence; the number of slaves greater than at any previous period, and still rapidly increasing; the rigorous dominion of the Slave Power extended not only over the original slave States, but continually seeking for and grasping new and virgin territory for its vile prostitution and despoiling; the liberties of the people, of all classes, suffering a gradual, but certain, abridgement—all this, and much more, as fruit legitimate to come of the infectious tree of slavery; therefore,

1. Resolved, That American slavery, the system of property in man, attended with all the most shocking and aggravated characteristics of villany and crime, and which is imbruting millions of our fellow-countrymen, ought to be, and shall be, so far as in us lies, immediately and unconditionally abolished.

2. Resolved, That in the American Government and its Constitution, as judicially interpreted, we recognise a powerful bulwark of slavery—in every loyal citizen, a slave-*holder* and a conspirator against the liberties of his fellow-men.

3. Resolved, That a political union thus constituted, involving, to a fearful extent, personal responsibility and guilt, deserves the severest condemnation of every friend of justice and impartial liberty, and should be at once and forever abolished.

4. Resolved, That the late Dred Scott decision, as rendered by Chief Justice Taney, is a wanton and unjust stroke of state policy, inflicted upon an innocent portion of our fellow-countrymen, without a parallel in the judicial history of this or any other nation, and should be defied by the victims, spurned and repudiated by every friend of humanity.

5. Resolved, That the gross and unnumbered outrages against liberty, perpetrated in the name of government and law—the apathy of the public mind—the want of integrity on the part of legislators—the fearful judicial corruption which has fallen upon our times, render imperative the demand for REVOLUTION; and that to agitate, *agitate*, AGITATE, should be the vigilant work of every true friend of freedom.

6. Resolved, That, while we believe true religion does not, cannot sanction or apologize for slavery, but is ever, when applied, a powerful weapon for its overthrow, we regard the popular religious denominations of this country, with a single exception (Old School Covenanters), either actually engaged in buying, selling or holding slaves, or in political alliance with the system, as eminently guilty of the sin of oppression; their religion as infamous and satanic in its character, with which we should have no fellowship, but "come out rom" and "be not partakers of its iniquity."

The Convention was then addressed at considerable length by A. M. POWELL, who dwelt upon the complicity of the Government with slavery, and argued the duty and necessity of a dissolution of the Union.

C. L. REMOND followed in a strong and eloquent effort upon the same and other topics embraced in the resolutions. He pronounced the American Union a failure, and set forth the utter futility of any attempt to establish and maintain, in harmony, freedom and slavery under the same government.

S. B. ANTHONY then made a brief but stirring speech upon the sinfulness of slavery, its wide-spread influence and dominion, and the need of earnest and untiring effort for its overthrow.

After some additional remarks by C. L. REMOND, JOB WILBUR and others, the Convention adjourned till 2 o'clock, p. m., the following day.

SUNDAY, Feb. 28. AFTERNOON SESSION.—J. W. PECKHAM in the chair.

A large audience filled the house in every part.

A. M. POWELL, after reading the resolutions, proceeded to speak at length upon the religious aspects of the cause.

C. L. REMOND discussed briefly, but in a very earnest and effective manner, the resolution referring to the Dred Scott case, and the proscription and persecution which everywhere meet the coloured man and those who espouse his cause. Many persons in the audience were deeply moved by his stirring and impressive speech.

REUBEN BAKER, a liberal minister of the Society of Friends, addressed the Convention. He spoke of the utter sinfulness of the system of chattel slavery, and expressed himself in favour of a dissolution of the American Union.

DAVID DUVOL objected somewhat to the disunion doctrine, and advocated an anti-slavery interpretation of the United States Constitution.

HARVEY MARKHAM made brief remarks in favour of the disunion doctrine, proclaiming the sovereignty of the individual man or woman.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY then made an effective appeal in behalf of the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and proceeded to take a collection.

A. M. POWELL spoke of the pernicious influence of slavery in social life, not less painfully apparent than its effect upon the political and religious institutions of the country. He exhorted all to greater zeal, and a renewed consecration to the cause of impartial liberty.

Additional remarks were made by the President and others, and, after a session of deep and stirring interest, the Convention adjourned till 7 1-2 o'clock p. m.

EVENING SESSION.—The resolutions were again read.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY spoke at length of the influence of slavery upon not only the immediate victims in the persons of the slaves, but as blighting and degrading in its effects upon the manhood of the Everetts and Websters, as well as the humblest plantation slave. She enforced the duty of disavowing allegiance to a government which sanctions a system so full of wrong and inhumanity. She concluded with an earnest appeal in behalf of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *Liberator*.

LEONARD GIBBS, of Union Village, next addressed the Convention. He spoke of his past hope of the peaceful abolition of slavery by the aid of the ballot-box. That hope he had now well-nigh lost. He reviewed the career of the Republican party up to the present time. It had proved itself to be Republican only in name. The question with it is not now whether there shall be no more slave States, but whether there shall be any more free States added to the Union. Mr. G.'s able and eloquent speech was listened to with much interest. He concluded with a strong appeal to those present to aid in extending the circulation of THE STANDARD and *Liberator*.

C. L. REMOND followed in a brief speech upon the mission of the Abolitionists in this country, inviting the friendly cooperation of all who have at heart the well-being of their fellow-men.

A. M. POWELL urged attention to individual duty in carrying forward the great moral enterprise in which we are engaged. The work of this, as with other great revolutions, must be mainly prosecuted by individual, be earnest and faithful, men and women.

Additional remarks were made, in conclusion, by H. MARKHAM, JOB WILBUR and the PRESIDENT.

Adjourned, *sine die*.

MR. FURNESS IN NEW YORK.

THAT faithful preacher of a living, vital Christianity, the Rev. WILLIAM H. FURNESS, of Philadelphia, occupied the pulpit of All Souls' Church on Sunday last, morning and evening. His morning discourse, herewith presented to the readers of THE STANDARD, is a remarkably lucid and forcible presentation of the Gospel of Christ in contrast with the degrading shams which so often bear its name. How quickly would slavery die and go to its own place if the forty thousand preachers of this country were all as clear-sighted and brave as Mr. Furness!

The Scripture lesson which preceded the sermon was the record of Paul's defence of himself before king Agrippa—a defence which, it will be remembered, so touched the heart of the king that, in spite of his prejudices, he was constrained to say to his prisoner, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Having read the story in a manner so earnest and impressive that the whole congregation seemed moved by its simple eloquence, Mr. Furness, as he closed the book, said: "If we would understand the power of Paul's words, as revealed in their effects upon the mind of Agrippa, we must remember that the word *Christian* was not then as now a badge of honour and worldly respectability, but a term of reproach, the synonym of infidel, fanatic, disorganizer, incendiary. We shall obtain a clearer idea of the relations of the parties, and the better appreciate the effect of the Apostle's eloquence, if we imagine a similar interview taking place in our own country and time. Suppose that, for example, a man should be arraigned before a member of the Cabinet or a Judge of the Supreme Court at Washington, and charged with aiding a slave in his escape from bondage; and suppose that, being permitted to speak for himself, he should plead his cause with such power as to constrain the Judge to say, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be an Abolitionist.' The cases, my friends, are perfectly parallel."

The effect of this was as a flash of light in a dark place. The meaning of that Scripture was clearly revealed. An arrow of truth, from the divine quiver, went to its mark.

POLITICS.

The State election took place in New Hampshire on Tuesday. The Republicans swept the board, electing their Governor by an increased majority, and carrying both branches of the Legislature. This will probably secure the reelection of John P. Hale to the U. S. Senate.

The partisans of the Administration at the North, in their efforts to overcome the scruples which lead so many of the party to recoil from the Lecompton villany, insist that it can but make little difference to the people of Kansas if, against their will, they should be admitted to the Union under a slaveholding Constitution, since, immediately upon the organization of a State government, they will have the power to repudiate that Constitution and make such an one as they please. The provision in the Lecompton instrument, permitting it to be amended only after 1864, cannot operate, they say, as any restriction upon the sovereignty of the people. This argument, intended for effect at the North and urged with such persistent volubility at the late Democratic meeting in Tammany Hall, is generally repudiated at the South.

It has been proposed, as a salve for tender Democratic consciences at the North, to attach to the act admitting Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution a *declaration* that the people of the new State may alter that instrument immediately if they please; but it is said that the Southern members of Congress will generally vote against the whole scheme if any such condition is annexed. *They* mean to make Kansas, permanently, a slave State. Witness the following extract from the letter of Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, to the Tammany meeting:

"But I must protest against the doctrine, so reluctantly inculcated by many, that when admitted to the Union the people of Kansas have nothing to do but to overthrow their Constitution, abolish Slavery and inaugurate Freedom. A very general idea prevails in the Northern States, that when 'Slavery' and 'Freedom,' in the cant phrase of the day, come in collision, the latter, by its mightier potency, will inevitably prevail. The distinguished author of the Kansas-Nebraska bill doubtless entertained the same idea, and believed that by the principles of that bill all the remaining Territories would eventually become free States; and that he would be hailed everywhere through the North as the great apostle and martyr of the 'holy evangel of Freedom.' But the course of events in Kansas seems likely to overturn this cherished idea, and to demonstrate its utter fallacy, thus depriving him of all claim to apostolic renown—though it is quite probable he may be honoured with a place in the pages of political martyrdom. *If Kansas is admitted as a slave State, under the Lecompton Constitution, as I fully believe she will be, she will be very sure to continue a slave State.* A large and substantial emigration will flow in from the other slave States, taking with them their slaves; the settlers already there, whatever may be their present sentiments, will find their prejudices against slavery disarmed by contact with it—will see that they have been fighting phantoms, that have no existence except in the heated brains of enthusiasts and fanatics, and will let the subject drop—leave it where their Constitution leaves it."

PERSONAL.

Prof. Ann Preston delivered the valedictory address at the recent Commencement of the Philadelphia Female Medical College.

Ralph Waldo Emerson commenced a course of six lectures last week in Boston, on Thought, Memory, Country Life, etc.

Freeman Hunt, the founder and editor of the *Merchants' Magazine*, died on the 3d. inst., in Brooklyn, aged 54 years. He was a victim of intemperance.

"The Rum Fiend, a Rhyme for To-day," is the title of a poem which Mr. William H. Burleigh has lately written, and which has been received with warm encomiums in many places where it has been delivered.

That moral harlequin, Matthew Hale Smith, has turned a fresh summerset, and come out a parson once more. It is the Dutch Reformed Church, we believe, whose annals are next to be illustrated by this bright particular star.

Jefferson Davis, the Senatorial fire-eater of Mississippi, is confined to a dark room under a severe regimen, and his physicians think he can hardly resume active duty in less than two months.

Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, Mass., hopes to prepare and print, in the course of the ensuing Spring, a tract entitled, "Christian Non-Resistance *vs.* Border-Ruffianism: or how Kansas might have been triumphantly settled as a free State, on Peace Principles."

Edmund Quincy, Esq., formerly Corresponding Editor of THE STANDARD, is not without honour in his own town (Dedham, Mass.), the citizens of which lately elected him a member, for three years, of their School Committee. He declined serving, however.

George Stevens, the coloured boy who was passed from Savannah, *viâ* Brooklyn, to Canada, on the Underground Railroad, a short time ago, has settled in Toronto, where he was joined lately by his wife, who has for some time lived in Philadelphia.

Mr. J. B. Gough, the American temperance orator, has commenced legal proceedings against Dr. Lees, of Leeds, a famous British lecturer on total abstinence, for an alleged defamation of character, and the trial, it is expected, will shortly take place in the law courts in London.

The Rev. James A. Thome, of Cleveland, who will be remembered by the early Abolitionists as one of the "Lane Seminary boys" and one of the authors of the work upon "Emancipation in the West Indies," published more than twenty years since by the American Anti-Slavery Society, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the new Congregational Church in Adrian, Michigan.

Mrs. Fremont, being at Henry Ward Beecher's Church on Sunday last, when a collection was taken for the benefit of the poor, and happening to have no money in her pocket, took from her finger a heavy gold ring and threw it in as the only contribution which she was able at the moment to make. The ring contains on the outside an engraved "bee" (in allusion to a beautiful incident in Col. Fremont's passage of the Rocky Mountains), and on the inside the inscription, "March 4, '57." It will be sold for a charitable purpose, and will, no doubt, bring a high price.

Two of the religious papers in Philadelphia, *The Presbyterian* and *The Christian Observer*, assure the public that the late Judge Kane was "an exemplary Christian," and an Elder in the Second (O. S.) Presbyterian Church. The *Journal of Commerce*, contrasting the panegyric of the above named papers with what it calls the "vituperation and abuse" of Abolitionists, says: "Strange that such a universal sorrow should be awakened by the death of an 'unjust Judge.'" Not any more strange, considering the character of the mourners, than that the Jews preferred Barabbas to Jesus!

Elder Ray Potter, one of the signers of the Declaration of Sentiments of the National Anti-Slavery Convention of 1833, died at his residence in Pawtucket, R. I., on the 1st inst. More than twenty years ago he brought reproach upon himself and the cause of which he had been a prominent champion, by an infraction of the law of chastity, but his repentance was accompanied by so many evidences of sincerity, and his subsequent life offered so bright an example of integrity and moral worth, that the whole community in which he lived were constrained to do him honour. The very Church that, forgetful of the Christian duty of forgiveness, made indecent haste to excommunicate him, afterwards invited him to become their pastor. We allude to the circumstances now, not to inflict pain upon his surviving friends, but to record a beautiful illustration of the Scripture which declares that "he that confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy"—mercy not alone of God, but also of man.

Mrs. Webb, whose remarkable personation of the characters in Uncle Tom's Cabin excited so much attention in this country several years ago, and who went to Europe under the patronage of Mrs. Stowe, arrived at Boston with her husband in the steamship America on the 1st inst. *The Liberator* says:

"They speak in the warmest terms of the kindness they have experienced on board the ship, at the hands of Capt. Moodie, and of all the officers and persons attached to the ship. They report, too, a marked change for the better in the deportment of the American passengers, as compared with the former experiences of many of their friends in like circumstances.

"We regret to find that Mrs. Webb's health is not so good as when she left America. By direction of her physician, she has been passing several of the past months in the South of France, having been compelled entirely to suspend her public readings. Mr. and Mrs. Webb have experienced great kindness and very many friendly attentions during their foreign tour, and retain a most vivid recollection of their many friends. They are soon to leave America again, and seek a home in the West Indies—at Kingston, Jamaica.—Mrs. W.'s health rendering a residence in a warmer climate necessary, and Mr. Webb having received, through the kindness of English friends, an appointment in the Post-office of that island."

John C. Underwood, some time since expelled from Virginia on account of his anti-slavery principles, lately returned there to defend a suit at law which, from motives of personal and party hostility, had been brought against him. The action was for debt, and the plaintiff doubtless supposed that the prejudices of the community against the defendant would secure him a verdict; but he was mistaken. Mr. Underwood's old neighbours flocked round him, giving evidence of such a character as to secure a judgment against the plaintiff for $20 and costs. The Clarke County *Journal*, however, true to the slave-breeding chivalry, published the following abusive paragraph:

JOHN C. UNDERWOOD.—The notorious J. C. Underwood appeared in the Court-House on Tuesday last, and was curiously and with a depicted expression of surprise and resentment scrutinized and gazed at by the crowd. Not a hair of his head was hurt, however, because it was understood that he had legal business. We accord to every man his just rights, and an opportunity to secure them, but further than that we cannot tolerate a traitor among us. We did understand that he desired to address the people and define his position, but such an attempt would be hazardous. We cannot accept insult for injury. The best reparation he can make is to keep from among us and show his face no more in Virginia. The high Commonwealth of Virginia protects as a foster-mother all her children, but she has too high a sense of honour to readopt and take to her bosom a stranger who has once deceived her and may again sting her like an adder. Her own true, loyal citizen she will follow to the ends of the earth to protect, if not by her own arm, by that of the General Government; but she cannot find a home for one who has proven himself unworthy of her confidence. Let him go among his kith and kin at the North. We have and desire no such down here. We commend him to the kindness of Northern hospitality.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A SKETCH OF THE LAWS RELATING TO SLAVERY in the several States of the United States of America. Second Edition. With some Alterations and considerable Additions. By GEORGE M. STROUD.

The more important portions of this valuable work have been compressed into a duodecimo pamphlet of 125 pp., which may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, for 15 cents. Every friend of freedom should not only possess a copy for his own use, but aid in giving the work a general circulation. It reveals the character of slavery by testimony which no one can impeach, and the fairness of which even the most prejudiced pro-slavery man must concede.

REPORT OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR FESTIVAL, 1858.

This report has already appeared in our columns, but we have it here in a neat pamphlet, suitable alike for preservation and circulation. If the friends of the cause would excite among their neighbours a warmer interest in this great instrumentality, and thus make it more successful hereafter than it has been in the past, let them procure and distribute a few copies of this little pamphlet. Price 6 cents.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March is not less interesting than the preceding numbers. The contents are as follows: The Catacombs of Rome; The Nest; Eben Jackson; Amours de Voyage; A Welsh Musical Festival; Cornucopia; My Journal to My Cousin Mary; Thy Psyche; Dr. Wichern and his Pupils; Beauty; The Grindwell Governing Machine; Saints and their Bodies; By the Dead; Aaron Burr; The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; Child-Life by the Ganges; Music; Literary Notices.

The paper upon "The Catacombs of Rome" contains much curious and surprising information respecting the burial of the Christian dead in the times of the pagan Romish persecution, and is to be continued in the next number. The review of Parton's Life of Burr supports the popular estimate of the subject and handles the biographer with no little severity. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is as vigorous and sparkling as ever. The poems of this number are generally inferior, in our judgment, to those of former issues. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Ross and Toucey and Dexter & Brother, General Agents for New York.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for March contains six articles, of which we give the titles, as follows:

Unused Powers; The Hindoos; Strength and Weakness of the Popular Religion and of Popular Christianity (by Rev. W. R. Alger); Buckle's History of Civilization; Physical and Celestial Mechanics; Review of Current Literature.

The first of these articles is a review of a somewhat remarkable work, *The Dietetics of the Soul*, by Ernest von Feuchtersleben. The article upon the Hindoos presents that remarkable people in a more favourable light than that in which, of late, the people of this country have been wont to regard them. It will serve to moderate the blind hostility toward them which the present war in India is so well calculated to beget in the minds of the ignorant and unreflecting. The Review of Current Literature evinces good taste and sound judgment. The editors of the work are Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D., and Rev. E. E. Hale. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

FIFTY YEARS IN CHAINS; or, the Life of an American Slave. New York: H. Dayton & Co., 29 Ann st.

We cannot in any way more effectually commend this work to the early friends of the anti-slavery cause than by informing them that it is an old friend with a new name—a revised edition, in other words, of the Narrative of Charles Ball, which first appeared more than twenty years ago and was long since out of print. It is a thrilling narrative of personal experiences. The preface says: "The story is true in every particular. Responsible citizens of a neighbouring State can vouch for the reality of the narrative. . . . . The subject is still a slave of the laws of this country, and it would not be wise to reveal his name." As a picture of American slavery the work has great merit; the story is simply told, and cannot fail to excite in the breast of every reader the warmest sympathy with the oppressed and the most invincible determination to struggle for their relief. In the increasing demand for such books we see an evidence of the progress of the great cause to which this paper is devoted.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for February. (American Reprint.) *Contents:* The Condition of Women; What will he do with it? Part IX.; People I have never met; Lord St. Leonard's Handy Book on Property Law; Zanzibar—and Two Months in East Africa; Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinions; The Poorbeah Mutiny—the Punjab, No II.; A Familiar Epistle from Mr. John Company to Mr. John Bull. Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street.

STOCKTON'S PERIODICAL NEW TESTAMENT, No V. Acts, with Index, Introduction and Plates. Philadelphia: T. H. Stockton. This is a beautiful edition of the New Testament, printed in paragraph form, on elegant paper and in faultless typography. The three previous numbers have never been received at this office.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. American Reprint. March. We have so often spoken of this work that further commendation at our hands is hardly necessary. The matter of the present number is varied and excellent. Jansen & Co., 126 Nassau st.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 720.—The leading article is the *London Quarterly's* review of the Life and Works of Tobias Lear. 321 Broadway.

CONGRESS, during the last week, has done little else than debate the question of slavery. The most important speech of the week was that of Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, who spoke of Northern labourers as on a level with the slaves of the South, and made other statements equally good for our side. We shall take a look at this speech when it appears, and see what we can find in it for the edification of our readers.

The Democratic Senators have determined in caucus to press the Lecompton question to a vote on Monday next, but it is doubtful if they can succeed. Several members of the House who voted for Harris's Committee of Investigation have, it is said, gone over to the Lecompton side, but it is impossible to say whether such rumours are worthy of credit. We see no reason to change the opinion we sometime since expressed, viz.: that Kansas will come into the Union as a slave State.

PLEASANT VARIETY!—One of the Sunday papers, *The Atlas*, in its latest issue, records in one column its approval of the Religious Revivals now so extensively prevailing, in another its joyful acquiescence in the revival of the slave trade at the South, and in another its pleasure in anticipation of the success of the Lecompton villany! The editor probably imbibed his ideas of religion from the *New York Observer*, or from the pulpits of which that paper is a fit echo.

DEFERRED.—We are reluctantly compelled to defer several articles for want of room, and among them the following, viz.:

1. A fresh chapter of "Recollections of the South."
2. An interesting letter from our Philadelphia correspondent.

The interest of these articles will not be in the least impaired by a week's delay.

THE ALBANY CONVENTION.—We know nothing of the proceedings of this Convention except what we have learned from the despatches to the daily press, from which it appears that the Rev. Samuel J. May presided, and that among the speakers were Wendell Phillips, C. L. Remond, Aaron M. Powell and Susan B. Anthony. We shall doubtless receive from the Secretaries a report of the proceedings in time for our next issue.

THE ASSEMBLY of New York, now in session at Albany, adopted, on Saturday night last, resolutions denouncing the Lecompton villany. The Democratic members, aided by the Speaker, undertook, but without success, to defeat the passage of the resolves by legislative filibustering. The resolutions are yet to be considered in the Senate.

THE CASE OF JUDGE LORING OF BOSTON.—Boston, March 9.—In the House to-day the majority and minority reports on the petitions for the removal of Judge Loring were submitted and ordered to be printed. The majority report urges his removal. The minority report, signed by one member of the committee, strongly opposes it.

Summary.

An old lady combated the idea of the moon being inhabited, by remarking, with emphasis, that the idea was incredible—"for," said she, "what becomes of the people in the moon when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?"

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS.—Apropos of Rachel's famous prophecy, that in eight days she would be the food of worms and biographers, it is stated that Headley is engaged upon a Life of General Havelock.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society last week, at the residence of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, the host read a humorous unpublished paper by President Madison, on the slavery question. It bore the following title: "John Bull and Mary Bull. By James Madison. An inedited manuscript."

WOMAN-WHIPPING.—The Richmond *Enquirer*, of Feb. 23, has the following, without note or comment:

"SENTENCED.—At the County Court of Madison, Va., on Thursday last, a negro girl, 12 years of age, was tried for burning the barn of Dr. Summers. She was sentenced to have 100 lashes, 25 at a time, until all were given."

A DEAD HERO.—General Walker is rehearsing to select Southern audiences the history of his capture by Commodore Paulding. The tale is sufficiently amusing—but it brings neither recruits nor money. This hero's career is ended. Central America is given over. The next move of the Government will be toward Mexico.—*Times*.

MISSOURI.—Old Murphy, as he calls himself, a wealthy planter of Platte County, said that he had always done his work by slave labour until the last year, and that slavery was all right; but it cost more than free labour, and therefore he had sold his slaves, and many of his neighbours were doing the same. He also said that every week two or three runaways were arrested in his neighbourhood.

The Old Church standing on Church Hill, Richmond, Va., where Patrick Henry is said to have delivered his "Give me liberty or give me death" speech, is still visited as an object of veneration. It was the place where the first House of Burgesses, of Virginia, met, and is still in good preservation. It is now occupied by Rev. Henry Kepler, as a Protestant Episcopal church.

AN INDIANA DENTIST.—The following we copy from a business circular of a wag of a tooth-puller at Bloomington:

Benevolent Institution.—Dr. J. Payne, dentist, having once more opened an office in Bloomington, will perform all operations on the teeth at greatly reduced prices. A beautiful silver cup will be presented to the person having the greatest number of teeth extracted—and a splendid gold watch will be awarded to the one having the finest set of artificial teeth inserted. Teeth extracted for a dollar a dozen.

A NEW COUNTER-BLAST TO TOBACCO.—Two distinguished clergymen—Rev. Drs. Tyng, Episcopalian, and Cox, Presbyterian—have taken recently very strong grounds against the use of tobacco. Dr. Tyng, we understand, pronounces cigars to be the "Devil's playthings." Dr. Cox goes still further, and, in old king James's style, declares tobacco to be a "hatefully offensive pytalism, with concomitant dirt ineffable." It has been well observed that if the Devil could be killed by hard words, Dr. Cox would be a dead shot.

Between badly-lighted streets and the police regulations regarding negroes, the citizens of Norfolk, Va., are often subjected to considerable annoyance. An individual was accosted the other night in a dark street by the watch and was asked "whether he was white or black?" He replied, "What right have you to ask me?" The watch replied, "We are officers of the city, and it is too dark for us to distinguish, and you must go with us to the watch house." The individual replied, "How do I know you are the watch; it is too dark for me to see." But this answer was not sufficient, and he was carried to a light, when an apology was made.

NORTH AMERICAN.—Since the establishment of the *North American Review*, in 1815, it has had eight editors, viz.: William Tudor, 1815 to 1817. Jared Sparks, one year, 1817 to 1818, and a second term of six years, 1824 to 1830. Edward T. Channing, 1818 to 1819. Edward Everett, 1820 to 1824. Alexander H. Everett, 1830 to 1835. John G. Palfrey, 1836 to 1843. Francis Bowen, 1843 to 1853. Since 1853, Andrew P. Peabody.

A Virginian paper, in the course of a complimentary article on Gov. Seward, describes one of that gentleman's peculiarities: The most elegant, chaste, and strong passages of Gov. Seward's speeches are spoken with his arms resting on the railing and his fingers playing with his spectacles as if he was in easy conversation with somebody. We never saw or heard of such a man in this respect. It is no trouble to him to talk intelligence, terseness, beauty, elegance, strength, as it all appears to be in print.

AN OLD BIBLE.—The selectmen of Chester, N. H., sold a Bible, a few days since, to John Picket, Esq., of Boston, which was printed in the year 1611. The Manchester *Mirror* says it was owned by a family by the name of Morse, and had descended down from father to son for over two hundred years till not an heir remained to claim the sacred work. It was in good preservation, and a great curiosity, but went for the small sum of five dollars.

Mr. Joseph H. Harris, formerly of Richmond, Va., was recently murdered at New Providence, Tenn., by a slave of Wm. Gray. Mr. H. was sitting in his office reading, when the fellow approached and buried an axe in his head. After repeating the blow and thrusting his victim's head into the fire, he set fire to the office, but the flames were soon discovered and suppressed. The murderer was arrested by the Sheriff, from whom he was immediately taken by the citizens of Clarksville. A committee of twelve having been appointed to try him, found him guilty, and he was hung on the spot, after confessing his guilt.

SLAVE CASE IN CALIFORNIA.—The following is among the items of news brought by a late arrival from California:

"The case of Archy, the ex-slave, arrested because he does not wish to go back to Mississippi with his ex-master, who brought him to this State, has been decided, by the County Judge of Sacramento, in favour of the man's freedom. The would-be master has had Archy again arrested and will have another hearing of the matter before the Supreme Court of the State. Archy may have to stay a week or two longer in jail, but there can be no doubt that he will go free."

LANE SEMINARY.—This Theological Institution of the New School Presbyterian Church, so popularly inaugurated a quarter of a century since, but which suddenly lost its prestige by its cowardly suppression of free discussion for the benefit of slaveholders, seems not even yet to be in any very remarkably prosperous condition. Its last annual catalogue, for 1857-8, reports a full corps of reverend doctors, but only *thirty* students in all the departments. Of these, one only is from a slave State.—*Bugle*.

CHARITIES FOR THE POOR IN NEW YORK.—Mr. Everett's lecture yielded about $2,000; Dr. Bellows's course between $400 and $500, after paying expenses; the Calico Ball, in money and garments, $3,000; Belmont's Collection of Pictures has, thus far, afforded $2,800, while Mr. Aspinwall's "Conception" of Murillo has raised about $100 a day, for the same good end. Mr. J. W. Farmer has opened, at 47 Ludlow street, a free dining saloon, where from 500 to 800 poor persons get a meal daily free of expense. Still, with all these aids, the distress is wide-spread and appalling.

FRIDAY SUPERSTITION.—Who would have believed it? The English papers state that the Leviathan could have been easily launched on the Friday before the Sunday on which she was got off. On Friday there was a much better tide than Saturday, and the weather was everything that could be desired. On that day the vessel could have been floated without the slightest difficulty, but the old superstition of that day being unlucky, had so much weight in certain quarters that the day was allowed to pass without anything being done. Saturday proved unfavourable on account of the wind, and Sunday was the day, at last, on which the monster was introduced to the water.—*N. Y. Observer*.

"OLE VIRGINNY NEBER TIRE."—If the scene of the following item, which we cut from the Wheeling *Intelligencer* was located anywhere save in Virginia, we should doubt its truth. As it is, we credit the tale fully. The *Intelligencer* says:

"We saw yesterday, going up toward the upper ferry, a team of four animals—a horse, a pony, a mule and a bull. The horse had the heaves, the pony was blind, the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for fly time. In the wagon, which was an ordinary one, there sat a white man, a crippled nigger, and a tame skunk frailly bound with a wisp of straw. The white man held the lines, the team held its own, and the nigger held the skunk, and they all moved forward. To make this worthy of its place, it is essential to say that it is true."

PROFITS OF SLAVE LABOUR.—It is mentioned that Mr. Phipps, of Hawkins County, Tenn., realized this year an income of $20,000 from the labour of his fifty negroes, or $400 to each negro. The cost of supporting the negroes is not over $50 per year each, leaving a net income of $350 to the owner from each. And Mr. Phipps, no doubt, argues before the bar of his conscience that the negro is incapable of taking care of himself, and that he is a genuine philanthropist in looking after the welfare of his fifty negroes for a salary of $17,000 per year. The Legislature of Texas has passed an act prohibiting the emancipation of slaves by will, which should be entitled an act to prevent death-bed repentance, and enabling free negroes to choose masters and become slaves.

SUMNER IN KANSAS.—Senator Sumner, says the New York *Evening Post*, appears to be gratefully remembered in the young Territory whose rights he defended so memorably and at so severe a cost. A town bearing his name has already been established in Kansas, of which the geography and history are given in the following paragraph from a Western paper:

The growth of Sumner is almost without a parallel in the history of the West. The town is not four months old, and contains some fifty houses, four hundred inhabitants, a good school, five stores, two brick-yards, two steam mills, and a printing-office, from which issues the Sumner *Gazette*, a paper having a wide Eastern circulation.

A DIPLOMATIC EXCEPTION.—On a recent public occasion in Lisbon, at which a great many Roman Catholic priests of various nationalities were present, Mr. O'Sullivan, our Minister to Portugal, replied to an allusion to his country, first in English, then in Portuguese, and finally, for the benefit of some who did not understand either language, in Latin. The priests, we are told, were astonished not only at the purity of his Latin, but at the fact that a representative of the United States could speak any language but his own. We trust our Know-Nothing friends will not infer, from Mr. O'Sullivan's use of foreign tongues for the convenience of Catholic priests, that he has transferred his loyalty from Mr. Buchanan to the Pope. *Evening Post*.

The French Government paper, *Le Pays*, gives some interesting details about the revival of the slave trade, admitting that the house of Regis gets *free* black emigrants from the King of Dahomey; in fact that the King sells them, and that the *free emigrants* are prisoners of war, who would have been killed had Messrs. Regis not turned them to account. *Le Pays* forgets to remember that they would not have been prisoners at all had Napoleon not revived the trade, for the King of Dahomey now makes war in order to sell the prisoners. It is an equally good job for the King of Dahomey, for the Messrs. Regis, for the French planters, for Napoleon and for the devil. They all profit by it. The losers are the slaves and the outraged morality of the nineteenth century.—*London Cor. Tribune*.

IMPROVEMENT IN LITHOGRAPHING.—A lithographer in Vienna has perfected an improvement in his art, which promises to effect a complete revolution in the production of lithographs. He has succeeded in manufacturing an ink, the preparation of which is his secret, with which he traces his designs upon the stone; he then applies a fluid, which etches the stone, but has no effect upon the ink, and of course leaves the drawing raised and ready for taking impressions. By this process, lithographs can be furnished to order by one man in a few hours, which hitherto have required the labour of several persons two or three days to produce. The first experiment with this new invention, made in the government printing establishment in Vienna, was entirely successful.—*Evening Post*.

MARRIAGE OF SLAVES.—At the late Convention of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina, it was

"Resolved, That, in consideration of the many and serious difficulties arising out of the marriage relation among slaves, and the perplexing questions which thus force themselves upon Christian men, and especially upon the Christian ministers, a committee of seven be appointed to prepare a report, defining more, and in what circumstances, a clergyman may unite two slaves in marriage."

Southern church-members are not content with putting asunder what God *has* joined together, but seem to be desirous even of preventing Him in future from joining together indiscriminately whom He will.—*Independent*.

PAINFUL RETRIBUTION, IF TRUE.—The Newport *Spectator* says there is a young man in a town of Vermont who cannot speak to his father. Previous to his birth some difference arose between his mother and her husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak to him. The difficulty was subsequently healed—the child was born and in due time began to talk—but when sitting with his father was invariably silent. It continued so till it was five years old, when the father, having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubbornness. When the punishment was inflicted, it elicited nothing but sighs and groans, which told too plainly that the little sufferer was vainly endeavouring to speak. All who were present united in this opinion, *that it was impossible for the child to speak to his father*, and time proved their opinion to be correct. At a maturer age its efforts to converse with the parent could only produce bitter sighs and groans.

SLAVES IN KANSAS.—A correspondent of *The Herald*, writing fro n Kansas, says:

"The number of slaves in Kansas is about three hundred. I have been unable to ascertain what proportion of them are males, or females, or children. They are chiefly located in the border counties, along the Missouri river; there are a few, however, at Lecompton and Fort Scott. The interior and western counties are almost or entirely devoid of slaves. The pro-slavery men from Missouri and the Southern States generally settled along the Missouri river, on the central and northern longitudinal lines of Kansas, and it is there the slaves are chiefly located. The town of Doniphan probably contains a larger number of them than any other in the Territory. Judge Ellmore, of Lecompton, owns twelve slaves, and H. P. Johnson, who resides on the Stranger, Leavenworth County, owns sixteen—the largest number held by any man in the Territory. Besides the slaves, there are about one hundred coloured persons in Kansas who are free."

SECTIONAL SPIRIT AMONG THE INDIANS.—A Kansas correspondent writes to the *Congregationalist* that "The Methodist Church North has a mission among the Wyandots—but a short distance from that of the South Church in the Delaware nation. The feeling among the Indians, between the two branches, is very acrimonious. The slavery issue is quite as much of a fire-brand with them as among any other class of people. Last year this feeling became so intense that the North Church building was wantonly set on fire, and burned down, in daylight, by the members of the Church South. This exasperated the members of the North Church so much that they took a brand from their burning building, fired the other church with it (they were but a short distance apart), and stood by until it was entirely consumed. New edifices have since been erected by both churches; and there is not much danger of the recurrence of such a disgraceful scene. The Baptist and Presbyterian Missions are exerting a healthy influence upon the Indians, on the slavery question."

A SPUNKY OLD TYPO.—The compositors of the Boston *Courier* having recently "struck" for higher wages or some other cause, the Hon. Joe. T. Buckingham, of Cambridge, now near 80 years of age, addressed to the editors the following note. Mr. B. was formerly editor and proprietor of the Boston *Courier*.

"CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 25th.

"DEAR MR. C——:

Miscellaneous Department.

"AFAR IN THE DESERT."

When the gentle and genial Thomas Pringle sang his Desert Ode, which lingered in the ear of Coleridge like a spell, the desert in question was comparatively little known. "The silent Bush-boy alone by his side" had only begun to tell, or to *click*, his tale in the ear of Europe; and the "valleys remote" of the ourebi, the gnu, the gazelle, the hartebeest, and the gemsbok, were still covered by the blue veil of distance, behind which they played their fantastic tricks, more like shadows than realities. Since then, many an adventurous knight has threaded the maze of these primeval forests, and sounded the horn at the gates of their enchanted castles of living rock, and started with a thrill of gallant fear as the challenge was answered by the roar of the lion, and the trumpet of the elephant, the ogre and giant of the region. Many a story of brave emprise and religious heroism has come to us from these wild regions. The shadiest nook of the African south is as well known as a field of silvan war as the scene of an English steeple chase or a Scotch deer-hunt, but still our curiosity is unsatisfied; and here comes the narrative of another last Nimrod, as new, and fresh, and exciting as ever.*

Nor is this surprising, when we know that as yet we are only on the borders of the mighty population of *feræ naturæ*; that in the far interior, the whole face of the country may sometimes be seen, as the Boers report, "covered for miles with a densely-packed body of blesbok, boutebok, springbok, and wildbeest. In the trek-boken, or migration of the spring-bok, the inconceivable numbers destroy all the grass, leaving the plain like a vast cattle-fold; hundreds die from being in the rear, and not getting anything to eat, while those in the front are fat, but from this very cause become at last lazy, and gradually fall in the rear, to become thin in their turn, and move again to the front." Captain Drayson, even in the civilized part of the country, encountered a herd of two hundred elands coming on at full speed, led by their bulls, and at the sound of the hunter's fire, although large and apparently unwieldy animals, making prodigious leaps in the air.

Scenes like this occur in the "open"; but the bush has other denizens, and awakens other sensations. Our adventurer's first excursion into the forest introduced him into the presence of a herd of *forty* elephants.

"A strange mysterious feeling came over me in being thus brought for the first time on the fresh traces of evidently a numerous herd of these gigantic animals. I began to ask if it were not great impertinence for two such pigmies as we now seemed to attempt an attack upon at least forty of these giants, who, by a swing of their trunks, or a stamp of their foot on us, could have terminated our earthly career with as much ease as we could that of an impertinent fly? There is also an utter feeling of loneliness and self-dependence in treading the mazes of these vast forests. One mile of bush always appeared to remove me further from man and his haunts than twenty miles of open country. One is inspired with a kind of awe by the gloom and silence that pervade these regions, the only sounds being the warning-note of some hermit-bird, or the crack of a distant branch. The limited view around also tends to keep every other sense on the alert, and the total absence of every sign of man, or man's work, appears to draw one nearer to the spirit-world, and to impress us with a greater sense of the Divine presence."

It would be easy to fill our space with very exciting combats between the knight and the giants; but these being the staple of various other books of the kind, we prefer turning to details of a more novel character. Captain Drayson has a very observant eye, and does not content himself with adventures and pictures. His volume, in fact, may be described as the *vade mecum* of South African hunters; it is so full of remarks useful or necessary to the sportsmen of these regions. His pupils, however, cannot well be numerous, if we judge by the qualifications considered as absolutely essential, even to mediocrity in the chase. "It is absolutely necessary not only to be a good shot, but to be so after a sharp four-mile gallop, and from either shoulder; to load as well while at full speed as when on foot; to be able to ride boldly across country, and allow your horse to go downhill at speed over the large stones and *with a loose rein*; to pull up, dismount, fire, and get up again with a rapidity a monkey might envy; and when an animal has been wounded and is out of sight, to lean over your horse's shoulder, and follow the spoor at a canter on the hard ground, with the accuracy of a hound; and last and not least, to take care to fly clear of your horse when he turns over in a jackal's or porcupine's hole, instead of letting him come on you, and smash a few ribs. These and many other qualifications, I have no doubt, most of my readers possess; but there may be some who do not, and who in consequence would not stand A1 in the far south." To follow the spoor, or, as the Americans call it, trail, is not the gift of instinct. The tracks of the animals pursued are as obvious to the experienced European as to the native, although in his novitiate he is no doubt frequently astounded by what may seem to him the supernatural intelligence of his black guide, who not only points the path the unseen object has taken, but describes the sex, size, and pace of the animal. The footprint of a male elephant is round; that of a female, elliptical; and six times the diameter of these impressions gives the height of the animal. An engraving in the volume puts us in possession of numerous secrets of the kind; and after studying it by the fireside, Mr. John Smith may comfort himself with the idea, that if fate should ever lead him into the South African bush, he will be able to tell at a glance the spoor of a rhinoceros from that of a hippopotamus, of a buffalo from an eland or a hyena, a leopard, an ostrich, or a wild pig. He will be able to distinguish, likewise, whether the animal has galloped, or trotted or walked. "When judging of elephants, it may be concluded that, if they browsed, they must have moved slowly; if they are found to have passed through the forest in Indian file, they travelled at a quick walk; and if they disregarded old paths, and smashed the branches of trees in their course, that they moved very rapidly."

Our sportsman mentions, that when his attention was drawn to an object about four miles distant, before he had found the correct focus of his glass, the Boers with their naked eye would have decided correctly that it was a hartebeest. "Elands," said they in explanation, "always look light fawn-coloured when they turn, whereas hartebeest look red; buffaloes, black—these three animals being the most commonly met with in these plains. The wild boar—the "vleck vark" of the Dutch—is told by its dark colour, and because it is not so large about the head and shoulders as a buffalo; besides, four or five are generally found together. When the sportsman becomes acquainted with the habits of the animals, the positions which they occupy, as also their way of moving, will generally show to what class the game belongs."

An animal whose spoor is not thought worth describing will perhaps be found as interesting by the reader as any other. Captain Drayson had gone out one morning to see the sun rise in a very beautiful part of the desert. "Suddenly I heard a hoarse cough, and, on turning, saw indistinctly in the fog a queer little old man standing near, and looking at me. I instinctively cocked my gun, as the idea of Bushmen and poisoned arrows flashed across my mind. The old man instantly dropped on his hands, giving another hoarse cough, that evidently told a tale of consumptive lungs; he snatched up something beside him, which seemed to leap on his shoulders, and then he scampered off up the ravine on all-fours. Before half this performance was completed, I had discovered my mistake; the little old man turned into an ursine baboon, with an infant ditto, which had come down the klooff to drink. The "old man's" cough was answered by a dozen others, at present hidden in the togs; soon, however,

> Uprose the sun, the mists were curled
> Back from the solitary world
> Which lay around;

and I obtained a view of the range of mountains gilded by the morning sun.

"A large party of the old gentleman's family were sitting up the ravine, and were evidently holding a debate as to the cause of my intrusion. I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive branches in their laps, and appeared to be 'doing their hair'; while a patriarchal-looking old fellow paced backwards and forwards with a fussy sort of look; he was evidently on sentry, and seemed to think himself of no small importance. This estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him watching his proceedings; sometimes, with the most grotesque movements and expressions, they would stand directly in his path, and bobbie away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference, scarcely turning round at the insult. Master Impudence was about repeating the performance, when the pater, showing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprung round, and catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder, and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness: this old baboon evidently was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered round the naughty child, which, childlike, seeing commiseration, shrieked all the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mamma, as she took her dear little pet in her arms, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment."

We are told likewise of a tame baboon whose great delight was in frightening the Kaffir women. On selecting his victim, he would rush at her as if he intended to devour her, and away she would fly for bare life, dropping her basket or hoe. But he soon caught hold of her, and seizing her by one leg, stared in her face, mowing and grinning, and moving his eyebrows at her like an incarnate fiend. When her screams at length brought assistance, in the shape of a Kaffir cur, Jacko sprung up a tree, and, resting secure on an upper branch, "gazed upwards and around, with a quiet and contemplative air, as though he had sought this elevated position for the sole purpose of meditating on the weakness of baboon and animal nature generally, but more particularly on the foibles of excited Kaffir curs."

The baboon, when tame, however, is sometimes of more use than to frighten women, who he knows will throw down the hoe instead of breaking his head with it. He is made use of to discover water in the desert when his master would perhaps perish without it. A little salt is rubbed on his tongue to irritate his thirst, and he is then let go; "he runs along a bit, scratches himself, shows his teeth at me, takes a smell up-wind, looks all round, picks up a bit of grass, smells or eats it, stands up for another sniff, canters on, and so on. Wherever the nearest water is, there he is sure to go.' This anecdote was corroborated by others present."

Besides the author's adventures, there are several very exciting narratives in the volume, more especially one of a Boer who was severely bitten in a conflict with a wounded leopard. After contriving to despatch the animal with his knife, he lay down helpless, expecting death before the morning, and thinking it hardly worth his while to notice a sensation he had as if something were crawling upon his shoulder. When daylight came, he looked at his broken arm lying useless beside him, and saw a great brown-looking thing lying over it—"the fat bloated body of a hideous puff-adder." The sound of voices was now heard—his friends had come to look for him; but he dared not answer, be dared not move. As their steps came near, the puff-adder raised his broad head, and looked towards the new comers, and then, removing from the warm lodging he had tenanted perhaps for hours, glided away through the brushwood.

But the most novel narrative in the book bears no relation to wild animals; it is a genuine Kaffir love-history, wearing to us the air of romance, owing to the manners being new and strange. The heroine is a certain Peshauna, a young lady whose reputation for beauty does not seem to have been affected, in the gallant captain's estimation, by the circumstance of colour. Indeed, he remarks on another occasion, that one very soon gets over that prejudice—that after having looked for some time on the rich black of a Kaffir belle, a white lady appears bloodless, consumptive, and sickly! Peshauna, when our traveller saw her, was the head wife of a Kaffir called Inkau, and manifested her dignity and her husband's love by doing little work, and being fashionably dressed in beads and brass. The beads, which were red, blue, and white, hung in strings round her head, neck, and wrists; her waist was adorned with a little apron of fringe, ornamented with beads, and her ankles were encircled with a fringe made from monkey's hair. This was the full dress of Peshauna, for whom twenty cows had been paid, and five men speared, before she became the bride of Inkau. The wooing is described in the following narrative, taken down from the lips of the unfortunate husband:

"'I had long heard people talk of Peshauna being a beauty, but did not think much about it until I went buffalo-shooting near her father's kraal. I stopped there one night and saw her. *Ma mee!* she was *muthle kakulu!* [the superlative of beautiful]. I talked to her a great deal, and I thought that she would soon like me. I went out next day, and shot a young buffalo. I managed to get help enough to bring it to the kraal, and I gave it all to Peshauna. Her father had asked many cows for her, but somehow no one had yet offered enough. When I heard this, I felt very frightened lest some one should carry her off before I could manage to buy her. My two wives I had always thought would have been enough for me, and I had given so many cows for them that I really had not twenty left. I considered how I could manage, and hoped that fourteen cows paid, and seven more in ten moons, would be as good as twenty now. But Ama Sheman, her father, would not have this, and told me that a young chief named Boy would give the twenty cows at once. I was very angry at this, and asked Ama Sheman to wait a little, which he agreed to do for four months, as he said he would sooner see her my *umfazi* [wife] than Boy's. I went home, and was always after elephants. I got very rash, and was nearly killed by them once or twice, for my gun was not big enough. At last I killed a large bull-elephant, and got eight cows as my share. I started off at once to tell Ama Sheman that my cows were ready. He did not seem pleased to see me, but told me he should like to see my cows. He was an old *chingana* [rogue], and wanted to see which had the finest lot of cattle, Boy or I, as Boy had now offered twenty cows as well as myself. Mine were the finest, so it was agreed that I was to take Peshauna as my umfazi. When this was settled, I went out to try and shoot a buffalo for our marriage-feast. I did kill a large one before the sun was up high, and I returned with it to the kraal. As I came near, I heard the women and children screaming. I ran up, and found that Boy had watched all the men out of the krall, had then walked quietly in with three of his people, and caught my dear Peshauna, and, before she had suspected anything, carried her off. Ama Sheman went out to try and stop them, but he was knocked on the head with a knob-karry, and lay as if dead. They got off well from the krall, and were out of sight when I returned, for they did not think I should be back so soon. I shouted for the men, who soon came in. We got our assagies, and I had my gun. Ama Sheman came all alive again, and eight of us started in chase. We went fast, and soon sighted the four rascals. As we came near them, they seemed surprised, and did not know what to do. They soon let Peshauna loose, and ran for their lives. We gained on them, and I threw away my gun, that I might run quicker. They had a river to cross, which was deep; they were wrong to try and get across; they ought to have fought on this side. Before they had gone over half the water, we had assagied two of them. They soon sank, and were eaten up by the alligators. The other two got over. We all jumped into the water, and swam after them. One of our young men, a very fast runner, went past me, and neared Boy; as he did, he shouted to him not to run like a dog, but to stop and fight. Boy took no notice until the man was close to him, when he suddenly stopped, turned round, and threw an assagy, which went through our fast runner, and killed him. It was Boy's last achievement, for I was on him like a leopard, and my assagy going into his heart was pleasant music to me. The other Kaffir was killed by Ama Sheman. We hid their bodies, as we did not wish a war with their kraal. We all kept the story quiet, and they did not for some time discover what had become of Boy and his party. The hyenas and vultures soon picked their bones.'"

We must now close this amusing volume, recommending it to two classes of readers: those who have themselves the prospect of hunting elephants and buffaloes in the wilds of South Africa, who will find in it very useful lessons; and those who have no prospect of the kind at all, who will find in it pictures graphic enough to enable them to do very well without the reality.—*Chambers's Journal.*

* *Sporting Scenes amongst the Kaffirs of South Africa.* By Captain Alfred W. Drayson, Royal Artillery. London: Routledge. 1858.

NEW MODE OF VENTILATION.

Charles Watson is a native of Scotland, and was trained as a teacher in the Normal School of Mr. Stow in Glasgow. While in that establishment, he attended the chemical lectures of Professor Penny, and used to sit up until three o'clock in the morning to write out his notes. On leaving the training institution, he received an appointment as master of a school from Mr. Akroyd, in Halifax, Yorksbire. The school-room, though spacious and lofty, was badly ventilated. The health of Mr. Watson, with that of the teacher, suffered seriously. It was thought that he would not be able to continue in his vocation as teacher, from the distressing effects produced on his system by the foul air of crowded school-rooms. He called to recollection some of the lessons he had received from Professor Penny, and, after numerous experiments, applied the principles he had arrived at to a new mode of ventilation. I quote a passage from the *National Magazine* that may give you some idea of his invention:

"Mr. Watson's apparatus is so remarkable for its simplicity, and its mode of operation is so subversive of preconceived notions as to the nature of ventilation, that some theorists have been inclined to look upon its marvellous effects with as much suspicion as the churchmen of the seventeenth century regarded the heretical telescope of Galileo. His discovery is nevertheless a great fact, and, in our opinion, forms an epoch in the history of ventilation. The principle on which it is founded may be illustrated by a simple experiment. Mr. Watson employs for this purpose a glass vessel resembling the receiver of an air pump, about seven inches in diameter, and ten inches high, with a tubular neck about six inches long and two inches wide. The lower edge is placed in a shallow groove, which passes round the circumference of a thin plate, and which may be filled with water in order to prevent the admission of air from below. When a lighted taper is introduced into this vessel, it very soon exhausts the combustible principle of the included air, and, notwithstanding the comparatively large opening in the top of the receiver, ceases to burn. If, however, before the taper is quite expired, the funnel is converted into two semi-cylindrical tubes by means of a thin division, a double current, in opposite directions, is immediately established, a copious supply of pure air flows in by the one, and the effete products are expelled by the other; the dying taper meanwhile speedily revives, and soon acquires a full and steady brilliancy. When the tubes slightly differ in height, as in Watson's Syphon Ventilator, the cold air is invariably found to enter by the shorter one. The experiment may be satisfactorily performed even with a common water-bottle, and a slip of pasteboard as a diaphragm. The existence of the opposite current is rendered visible by holding a smoking paper over the divided funnel, when the smoke is seen to pass down through the one channel, and to ascend and escape by the other.

"Mr. Watson rightly inferred from this experiment that if he could establish these spontaneous double currents to and from the open air through the ceilings of our schools, churches, dwelling-houses and halls, he would revive the drooping spirits of their half-suffocated inmates in the same manner that brilliancy was restored to the expiring taper. He has perfectly succeeded in this; and no small part of the merit of his principle is that these currents, while shown to exist, operate quietly and constantly, and maintain a sweet and wholesome state of the air without those dangerous and disagreeable draughts that render most other modes of artificial ventilation so objectionable."

Mr. Watson was introduced to the Palace of St. James on the wedding day, from his success in removing the effluvia from the Coffee Room in Windsor Castle. It seems that coffee is served daily for three hundred persons, and Her Majesty suffered from the essence distilled there, which came unbidden into the private royal apartments. Mr. Watson was requested to try his hand to expel the noxious vapours from the Palace of St. James, and to give the Court and the spectators genial and refreshing air, as well as to preserve the plants in their verdure and the scent of the flowers in its purity and sweetness—to turn in fact January into June. Mr. Watson succeeded to perfection. Republican as you are, I am sure you will be reconciled to the burst of loyal feeling given in the former part of this letter, by the space given to plain Charles Watson.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

For The Standard.

OUR CALLA.

I.

Toward the chill North, whence not one golden gleam
E'en of reflected sunshine on it falls—
Save it may glance from some Claude-tinted walls
The common eye in vain would seek, we deem—
Where reacheth not one brief Auroral beam,
Or only such as midnight sends through halls
Distant and cold, albeit from fiery balls—
Turneth our Calla its pure folds of cream.
It flings its tropic fragrance on the air;
It turns its face unto the crystal pane,
As, looking for some starry signal there,
It felt its tireless watch were not all vain.
One scroll doth fade; another shaft is seen
Rising anon from leaves of arrowy green.

II.

But there is warmth within our winter-room;
The anthracite is ever there aglow;
Its unseen currents to the casement flow,
Else had our Calla met an early doom—
Else had those beckoning stars but gemmed its tomb,
And our poor sonnet breathed a tale of woe.
Exotics, too, we feel it must be so;
For here our souls may bud, but never bloom.
Love's opal-flame may light these frames awhile,
Life's furnace-warmth prolong the pulse's beat;
While in far orbs we see the Maker's smile,
Wooing us, sweetly, to more blest retreat.
Our Calla hath a sermon on its scroll—
A star-gemmed coronal unto the soul.

Poughkeepsie, January, 1858. A. P. G.

AGE OF TREES.

The longevity of trees is an interesting study. While some trees live only a few years, rapidly attaining their growth and rapidly decaying, like the peach-tree, others, on the contrary, have a longevity exceeding the age of man, and some species outlive many generations. It is well known that the age of trees is correctly indicated by the number of wood-circles or rings found in the trunk—each ring being the growth of a single year. We here subjoin several remarkable examples ascertained by the above rule, or by tradition and history, quoted from De Candolle:

An Elm lived to the age of	335 years.
Cypress (Eastern)	350 "
Larch,	576 "
Chestnut, about	600 "
Orange,	630 "
Olive,	700 "
Platanus Orientalis,	720 "
Cedar,	800 "
Many tropical trees, seen by Humboldt,	1 000 "
Lime,	1,076, 1,147 "
Oak,	810, 1,080, 1,500 "
Yew,	1,214, 1,458, 2,588, 2,820 "
Taxodium, upward of	4,000 "
Adansonia, of Senegal and Cape Verd Islands,	5,000 "

The Yew-trees of Britain are of wonderful longevity. The following list is quoted from Prof. Balfour.

A Yew at Fountain's Abbey, Ripon, lived	1,200 years.
Yews, in the church-yard of Crowhurst, Surry	1,450 "
Yew at Pontingal, Perthshire,	2,500 to 2,600 "
Yew at Bradbourn churchyard, Kent,	3,000 "
Yew at Hedsor, Bucks, 27 feet in diameter,	3,200 "

A Banyan-tree (Ficus Indica), yet growing upon an island in the Neroudda River, India, is believed to be identical with that which is mentioned in history by Nearchus, in the time of Alexander the Great, as being capable of sheltering 10,000 men at once. Portions of it have been carried away by floods, but enough remains to overshadow 7,000 men. Its principal trunk is more than 200 feet in girth, and its branches are supported by 350 other trunks which equal that of our largest oaks, while the smaller trunks are some 3,000 more.

The White Pine (Pinus strobus) of the American forest, with a diameter of 6 or 7 feet, attains the height of 180 to 200 feet. In the early settlement of Dartmouth College, a Pine stood upon the College plain which measured 210 feet in height. In the Ohio Valley, the Red Maple (Acer rubrum) and the Sycamore (Platanus occidentalis) attain to great dimensions. A specimen of the former, in Indiana, measured 16 feet in diameter; of the latter, 23 feet.

But, all things considered, the monarch-tree of the world is the Sequoia gigantea, called the Californian Pine, of the Sacramento Valley and Mariposa. One, which had fallen, measured 31 feet in diameter and 363 feet in length. Among those yet standing are some of still greater dimensions, as beautiful in form as they are sublime in height, the growth (as estimated by the annual wood-circles) of more than 3,000 years!

MR. CHARLES DICKENS AND LITTLE CHILDREN.

In London there has been established a "Hospital for Sick Children." Since the institution was opened in 1852, 47,100 out-patients and 1,860 in-patients have been admitted, all under twelve years of age, and, of the whole number, 28,500 under five. The first festival in aid of the funds was held on Tuesday evening, Feb. 9, at the Freemasons' Tavern, London. Mr. Charles Dickens occupied the chair, and in giving the toast of the evening he said that from the earliest day of his life it had been one of his maxims to disbelieve the man who told him that he took no interest in children. He felt still bound to that principle by all considerations, because he knew that any heart that could toughen itself against these little people must be wanting in so many humanizing experiences as to be a perfect monstrosity in nature (bear). He therefore, when he met with the assertion—sometimes, not often—set it down as an idle word originating in a momentary languour, and meaning about as much as the assertion that this world had outgrown all the cardinal virtues (cheers). He supposed that it may be taken for granted that those around him, and who were assembled in the name and for the sake of children, were animated by far different feelings, and he had observed since he sat down that they were quite in a childlike state altogether, representing an infant institution, and being not yet quite a grown-up company (laughter; the Chairman's allusion being understood to apply to some empty seats at the lower end of the room, the occupants of which had moved up, the better to hear his observations). A few years more would be necessary for the increase of their strength and the expansion of their figures, and then their tables, which now had a few tucks in them, would be let out, and that hall, which now fitted them so easily, would be found too tight and small for their wonderfully-increased proportions (cheers). But even in the present company they were not without persons who had some experience of spoiled children. He did not mean of their own of course (a laugh), for no one ever spoiled his own children; and he meant the disagreeable children of their particular friends (laughter). They knew by experience what it was to have them down, after dinner, plunging recklessly into the dessert, and with the family doctor looming darkly in the distance (continued laughter). No doubt they all knew what it was to sit and see maternal disquietude painfully evoked by what he might call, after the manner of his friend Mr. Albert Smith, the toilsome ascent of Miss Mary, and the irruption (cutaneous) of Master Harry (great laughter). They were all painfully aware that such tiresome children would never go to bed, until at last they were carried off brawling and kicking by main force (great laughter). An eye-witness had once told him that, being once in company with a learned pundit who had assembled all the learned philosophers of the day at his house to hear him expound his views respecting infant education and early mental development, while the pundit was laying down his principles, his little boy amused the company by plunging boldly into an apple-pie, anointing his hair with the sirup, combing it with a fork, and then carefully smoothing it down with a spoon (much laughter). But the spoilt children which he had to present after dinner on that day had been spoilt in a far different manner; and they were a far more numerous and, if possible, a far more interesting class. The children to whom he alluded were the spoilt children of the poor of this great city, the children who were effectually spoilt out of this life by tens of thousands, but who in vast numbers might be preserved if they, not contravening the ways of Providence, would only help and save them (hear, hear). Those two grim nurses, poverty and sickness, which brought these poor children before them that day, breathed the breath of fever over their wretched cradles, nailed up their little coffins, and piled up the earth upon their graves. Of the annual deaths in this great town, the unnatural ones formed more than one-third of the whole number (hear, hear). He should not ask his audience, as in the case of other spoilt children, to observe how good or how pretty they were. No, he was about to ask the charitable to observe how weak they were, how like death they were, and he should implore them by the remembrance of everything that was happy in their own infancy to extend to these spoilt children of the poor their patronage, their succour, and their compassion (hear, hear). Some time since, being in Scotland, he went with a humane member of that most humane medical profession to visit some of the poor inhabitants of the old town of Edinburgh. In a close wynd, a most picturesque place—he was sorry to say that the picturesque and typhus were often very nearly allied—he saw more poverty and sickness than he had ever seen within a similar space. In one wretched dwelling he saw a poor sick child cradled in an egg-box which its mother had begged from the shop, and that little wan child, with its fevered countenance, his wasted hand, and his bright wakeful eye, was ever before his sight. He could see him at that moment, and fancied he heard him say, "Why am I lying here shut in from the light of day and from the play of other children?" That case was only a type of thousands occuring in London every day; and if the company he saw around him, which formed a drop of the life blood of the great public heart of the country, would only come forward, three-fourths of these melancholy cases might be annually saved (hear, hear). Having described the hospital and its accommodations, the Chairman proceeded to say that the most charming essay of the immortal Charles Lamb represented him at his own fireside telling stories to his dear children, until suddenly the illusion was dispelled and he found they were only dream children, the children which he ought to have had, had he not devoted his life to solitude. Now, the dream children which he (Mr. Dickens) would raise before every one who had heard him should be the dear child that they loved, the dear child they had lost, the child they might have had, the child they certainly had then; and he would make those dream children say, "Assist those little sufferers in the hospital—assist them for our sakes" (cheers). And when he had impressed that vision firmly on their imagination, he should wish them suddenly to awake, and, finding themselves in the Freemasons' Tavern, at once to commence vigorously adding their names to the list of subscriptions (cheers and laughter). He had now arrived at the close of his too long speech, and had only to propose "Prosperity to the Children's Hospital" (loud cheers).

The list of subscriptions was then read, and a collection made, the combined result being an addition of nearly £3,000 to the funds of the charity, including a donation of £500 from a lady who declined giving her name.

The Chairman's health was then given, to which he briefly responded, and gave "The Ladies," without whom, he said, little good could be done in this world. He had once been reminded of all Robinson Crusoe had done in a state of single blessedness; but, on a careful investigation of the authorities, that worthy had in reality had two wives.

From Chambers's Journal.

MAMMA'S PET.

Women and children!—what a sight
Was there when, gathered to her breast
After their bloody breathless flight,
Calcutta bade the victims rest!
Strong men, with voices weak and low,
Stood by to ask their names, their woe.

Some answered but with choking sighs
And wringing hands; and some stood there
Heedless, with their unconscious eyes
Fixed in a blank and ghostlike stare;
Some told their tale in screams, and some
Covered their faces and were dumb.

One of the throng, a little child,
A fair-haired girl, was all alone;
No mother on her darling smiled,
No brother spoke in cheering tone:
All, all alone, with eyes serene,
She gazed upon that strange sad scene.

They came to her, these pitying men,
And one beside her knelt, and took
The orphan to his breast, and then,
With gentle voice, and gentler look,
"Dear child, what is your name?" he cried:
"I'm mamma's pet," the child replied.

The wild moustache, the rough black beard
Quivered: upon her golden head
He laid his broad brown hand, and cleared
His husky throat: "Poor child," he said,
"You are called something more—say yet
Your name." "I'm just mamma's sweet pet."

O mother in your dismal grave,
O murdered father, hear us vow
Our homage to the fond and brave
To lavish on that baby brow,
To pay in love our sacred debt—
For yours shall be the Nation's pet!

Edinburgh. L. R.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Singular Disproportion.—In the bill of one of the German princes stopping at Fenton's Hotel, there were these two disproportionate items:

	£	s.	d.
"Cigars, tobacco, &c., &c.,	2	19	6
"Washing,	0	13	7
"Balance (*in favour of smoking*),	2	5	11

"The prince was in the hotel exactly nine days."—*Punch.*

——Stage Burlesque.—Burlesques, of which it is the formal purpose to convert into laughter what was meant to exalt and purify the soul, are offences against the public taste and morals equally; and that such offences, instead of being promptly silenced, should be applauded and caressed, and that Shakspeare should be especially selected as the butt of these barren witlings, appears to us one of the most decisive symptoms that the drama, in our generation, is really on the decline.—*Donne's Essays on the Drama.*

——Colour of the Africans.—Dr. Livingstone says: "When the English people think about Africa, they imagine that all the Africans are like the specimens we have in front of the tobacconists' shops. This is not the case at all. That is the real negro type, that is only to be found in the lowest part of the population. The people generally are not altogether black. Many of them are of olive colour, or of the colour of coffee and milk, and usually in the higher grades of society are of this lighter colour. The type we see on the eminent Egyptian monuments is more near the type of the central population than the tobacco-shop variety."

——"Trials of Speed" 100 Years Ago.—A book recently published in London, under the title of "One Hundred Years Ago," contains the following item:

"My lords of Rockingham and Orford made a match against each other for five hundred guineas, as to whether five turkeys or five geese would in the shortest time perform the journey from Norwich to London. The result vindicated Lord Orford's sagacity, for, though at first the turkeys had it all their own way, the geese waddled past them at night, while they were lazily roosting upon the trees beside the hedge row."

——Giving a Whip to the Princess.—An English paper has the following: Among the presents made to the Princess Royal of England, on her late wedding day, was a riding whip, the butt of which is formed from a piece of the hoof of a favourite horse, set in gold. It is said the stick of this golden hoof is formed of diamonds, the nails being represented by fourteen beautiful rubies; the whole of the bottom of the foot is a mass of small diamonds; the handle of the whip is formed from one of the horse's bones, most highly polished, around which is twined a serpent in brilliants.

——Luther's Opinion of Music.—"Music," says Martin Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music," adds Luther, "and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill which I possess in the art."

——Balzac used to lie excessively. One day he was walking along the Boulevard Montmartre, with two servant girls on his arms, when he came across two of his friends—Heizel and Laurent. He quitted the women precipitately, and, running to his friends, said to them in a low tone, "Don't recognise me; I am with two archduchesses who have come to Paris in disguise, and whom Metternich has asked me to show the capital to. Hush!" And with a mysterious sign he disappeared. "What a liar!" said Heizel. "What the devil did he leave his women for?" "Simply," replied the other, "to tell them that we are two princes of the blood, his intimate friends."

——Mr. Dorrit, the Father of the Marshalsea, Outdone!—About twelve months since, a fire occurred at a house in Princes street, Rotherhithe, the owner being a Mr. Thomas Clark. The walls of the premises, which were left standing after the fire, having been condemned a few days since as dangerous to the public safety, the Commissioners of police directed a summons to issue calling upon the owner to show cause, in the usual manner, why the building should not be pulled down. On Monday the legal service of this summons was attempted, when the officer was informed that Mr. Clark had been incarcerated in a prison during the last forty years for contempt of court, in proceedings instituted against him at that period, and was referred to his solicitors, Messrs. Terry, Watson, and Co., Yorkshire.

——Story of a Dog.—A few evenings ago, as the play of "Jessie Vere" was being performed at Woolwich Theatre, and when a scene in the third act had been reached, in which a "terrific struggle" for the possession of a child takes place between the fond mother and two "hired ruffians," a large Newfoundland dog, which had by some means gained admittance with its owner into the pit, leaped over the heads of the musicians in the orchestra, and flew to the rescue, seizing one of the assassins, and almost dragging him to the ground. It was with difficulty removed, and dragged off the stage. The dog, which is the property of the chief engineer of her Majesty's ship Buffalo, has been habitually accustomed to the society of children, for whom he has on many occasions evinced strong proofs of affection.

——The Jew and the Lawyer.—The son of a wealthy Jewish banker in London became much attached to a young Christian, with whom his father opposed his union. When the son found that the father could not be induced to give his consent to the match, he concluded to marry without it. The father then threatened to withhold every shilling from him, whereupon the son replied that if the father did not intend to give him anything, he would become a Christian, and according to the law he would be entitled to one-half his father's fortune. The father, much alarmed, flew to his lawyer to inquire whether such a law really was in existence; the lawyer's answer was in the affirmative, but adding that if he would hand him over ten guineas, he would give him a plan by which he could frustrate his son's plans. The ten guineas were quickly produced. "Now," said the lawyer, quietly pocketing the money, "all that remains for you to do is to become a Christian also, and the law will not oblige you to leave your son a cent of your money." The Jew hurriedly seized his hat and left the lawyer without any further remark.

——A Richmond Dinner Three Hundred Years Ago.—We find, in the Lansdowne manuscripts, that about Christmas 1509, certain officials of the court of King Henry VIII. dined together at the village of Shene, now called Richmond; and that at the end of the entertainment, my host of the Star and Garter, with many salutations, handed to them the following bill: For brede, 12d.; ale, 3s. 4d.; wyne, 10d.; two leynes moton, 8d.; maribones, 6d.; powdred beef, 5d.; two capon, 2s.; two geese, 14d.; five conyes, 15d.; one legge moton, 5 lb. weight, 4d.; six plovers, 18d.; six pigeons, 5d.; two dozen larkes, 12d.; salt and sauce, 6d.; buter and eggs, 10d.; wardens and quynces, 12d.; herbes, 1d.; spices, 2s. 4d.; floure, 4d.; whight cuppes and cruses, 6d.; which, summed up, gives exactly £1 sterling as the total expenses of this aldermanic feast. Many a party, gentle and simple, has since that time dined at the Star and Garter, but none ever got so many substantial things for their twenty shillings as the subjects of young King Henry VIII.—*The Statesman.*

——Spencer and Elizabeth.—In an old folio copy of the "Arcadia" preserved at Wilton, the seat of the Pembrokes, and present residence of the Hon. *Sydney* Herbert, have been found two beautiful and interesting relics—a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, and an original poem in the hand of Sir Philip Sydney. The hair was given by the fair hands of the Queen to her young hero. The poet repaid the precious gift in the following lines:

> "Her inward worth all outward shew transcends,
> Envy her merits with regret commends;
> Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the light,
> And in her conduct she was always bright.
> When she imparts her thoughts her words have force,
> And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse."

The date of this exchange of gifts was 1573, when the Queen was forty and the knight twenty-nine. Elizabeth's hair is very fine, soft and silky, with the undulation of water, its colour a fair auburn or golden brown, without a tinge of red, as her detractors assert, but the soft lines are flecked with light, and shine as though powdered with gold-dust. In every country under the sun such hair would be pronounced beautiful.

——The Three Marvels of England.—England produces three objects which are met with everywhere, but which in this island are remarkable for their marvellous beauty—the women, the trees and the horses. Moreover, every place which raises a race of horses worthy of admiration is also peopled by pretty women. What is the cause of the coincidence it is not easy to say; but this strange correlation is not the less real. Georgia rears the best horses of the East. The plains of La Camargue, in the neighbourhood of Arles, famous for its lovely girls, preserves the blood of the Moorish coursers in a state of nature; the Andalusian maid attains her perfection of form by the side of the most symmetrical steeds of the Peninsular; at Mecklenburg you behold the purest blood of Germany; and when a phalanx of amazons gallop along the avenues of the London parks, the dazzled eye cannot fix itself with indifference either on the écuyère or the animal on which she is mounted. Let a young girl draw up her horse beneath a lofty tree, and you will contemplate, grouped in a single picture, the three marvels of England.—*The English at Home, by M. Wey.*

——Lapland Marriages.—Every Laplander, however poor, has his dozen or two dozen deer; and the flocks of a Lapp Crœsus amount sometimes to two thousand head. As soon as a young lady is born, after having been duly rolled in the snow, she is dowered by her father with a certain number of deer, which are immediately branded with her initials, and thenceforth kept apart as her especial property. In proportion as they increase and multiply does her chance improve of making a good match. Lapp courtships are conducted pretty much in the same fashion as in other parts of the world. The aspirant, as soon as he discovers that he has lost his heart, goes off in search of a friend and a bottle of brandy. The friend enters the tent, and opens, simultaneously, the brandy and his business, while the lover remains outside, engaged in hewing wood, or some other menial employment. If, after the brandy and the proposal have been duly discussed, the eloquence of his friend prevails, he is himself called into the conclave, and the young people are allowed to rub noses. The bride then accepts from her suitor the present of a reindeer's tongue, and the espousals are considered concluded. The marriage does not take place for two or three years afterwards; and during the interval the intended is obliged to labour in the service of his intended father-in-law.—*Lord Dufferin's Letters from High Latitudes.*

——Confidence in One's Self.—When a crisis befalls you, and the emergency requires moral courage and noble manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment, and rise superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men, whose experiences exactly coincides with yours, furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hands. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial, you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no